The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WRITING A LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

What shall I write you, dearest?
What shall I write you, pray?
Though my heart is full to bursting,
I don't know what to say.
For the things I want to tell you,
Might seem to another rude;
And, for fear of Mrs. Grundy,
I must not the silly prude.

I want to call you "darling,"
And all sweet names there be;
To tell you the days are lonely,
And long since you went from me.
To say that I miss you always,
Whether I stay or go;
But for fear of Mrs. Grundy,
I cannot tell you so.

I want you to know the sunshine
Faded away when you went,
Leaving a touch of winter,
A shadow of discontent.
But if you were here, my darling,
Oh, if you were here to-day!
I little should care or question
What would Mrs. Grundy say?

Divided by time and distance,
A wearisome waste of miles,
May shut me out from your presence,
May cheat me out of your smiles.
Yet I long for your clasping fingers,
I yearn for your loving kiss;
But for fear of Mrs. Grundy,
I dare not tell you this.

Scorning the empty honors,
The pleasures you may not share;
A haunting thought of the absent,
Goes with me everywhere.
I pine for the voice of music,
For the face I cannot see,
That in spite of Mrs. Grundy,
Is all the world to me.

'Twould ease my mind to tell you,
If nobody else could hear,
How I long to be clasped and folded
Close to your heart, my dear.
To kiss you awake in the morning,
To kiss you asleep at night;
But, for fear of Mrs. Grundy,
It never would do to write.

I know that a day approaches,
The day of all other days;
When our feet shall come together,
From out the diverging ways.
When the heart may find expression,
Unaided by feeble pen;
And not even Mrs. Grundy,
Can keep me from telling then.

SALE OF PRAYERS IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

The five priests in the picture who are seated are engaged in writing. They are filling up the blanks of the printed prayers to suit the wishes of purchasers. A crowd of eager applicants gather around this stand. Some purchase but one of these prayers, others eight or ten, or even twenty or thirty. They purchase not only for themselves but for some of their neighbors, by whom they have been commissioned, and who are perhaps unable to attend themselves. The priests derive a handsome revenue from the sale of these prayers, as well as from the candles and incense sticks. A prayer that costs but a single *cash* they sell for eight or ten.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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XXIII.

RUPERT IS THE CAUSE OF ANXIETY TO HIS AFFECTIONATE RELATIVES.

"Miss Cray, did you know that we had been sitting out three dances?"

"I guessed it."

"I was only awaiting the appearance of your partners."

"Do you regret it?"

"No, indeed!"

"To tell the truth I disengaged myself for the five dances."

"Ye—es?" said Rupert, playing with his gloves. "Shall I take you to your— They are going to the supper-room? Shall we fall in line?"

As they were all going to the supper-room, he could do no less than offer his arm to the lady with whom he was at the time, and escort her thither. They found the nicest and cosiest seat imaginable, the ices and wines were delicious, his companion was lovely, and Rupert, who was very much inclined to yield himself to the enjoyment of the moment, ate his ices, sipped his wine, and gazed at his lovely companion without being at all disturbed by the ominous shaking of Ferd's head.

Ferd had confided his trouble about Rupert to Ruth, and, having mentioned the fact of her having disengaged herself for five dances, that she might devote herself to Rupert, accidentally let fall that Cecil was one of those partners, and that he had engaged her for three dances. It was very delightful for Ruth to hear that "that interloping creature," as she privately designated Miss Cray, was carrying off *her* admirer and the man whom *she* admired, but that she should give up Cecil for Rupert was very pleasant, as long as Cecil has been "making such a fool of himself over her."

"That red hair is inflammatory," said Ruth, looking up in Ferd's face as he finished.

Ferd laughed.

"It's splendid—for red hair—as Rupert said only a little while ago when he swore that *you* were *his* style in everything. But I'm sure he never was half as devoted to you as to this girl."

Ruth bit her lips.

"I hope not," she said. "He is making a fool of her."

"So I told him."

"What did he say?"

"If he did her any harm he would make it up to her."

"How?"

"Marry her, I suppose."

"Oh!"

"Then he said he would make his excuses to her, leave her, and behave himself for the rest of the evening."

"And then?"

"The next I saw of them they were in here together."

"We will move near them. You engage Miss Cray for the first dance after supper, and I will take possession of Rupert."

"That will do nicely."

Rupert looked up as Ruth and Ferd approached, nodded smilingly to them, and then leaning back, gazed lazily into Miss Cray's beautiful eyes. Ruth's heart began to beat quickly. Could it be possible that she was losing her power over Rupert, and was Miss Cray the cause? She asked Ferd to get her an ice, and seated herself near Rupert as she spoke, assuming one of her old, bewitching attitudes, one of those artistic poses which used so to delight Rupert. But Rupert's eyes did not turn towards her. They were bent on Miss Cray with what seemed to Ruth a certain degree of persistency. So she lent her soft voice to thrill his ear, and, through that his heart, with the well-remembered tones, the sweet, familiar cadences. But he answered with the utmost carelessness, and with wandering eyes—in this, also, Ruth read persistency in a predetermined course. Then she was silent, and Ferd came back with the ice, and made himself charming to Miss Cray, whose hand he secured for the succeeding dance. Presently the music came to them, a few notes at a time, through the opening and closing doors, and Ferd expressed great anxiety to join the dance.

"I am ready when you are," said Miss Cray, and then she took her fan from Rupert, who said as he gave it up—

"Good-bye, Cecil."

Ruth almost started; then, as the door closed behind them, she said—

"I am left to *your* tender mercies, Rupert!"

"I suppose so." Then he added—"That was very well arranged."

"What is well arranged?" looking around her as if to examine the decorations of the supper-room.

"That Ferd should carry off Cecil, and you should take possession of me."

"Has Ferd carried off Cecil?"

"He has carried off Cecil Cray."

"I only know her as Miss Cray."

"We have promised to call each other by our Christian names."

"You should be thankful that both the names are pretty."

"*Cecil is* a lovely name—and descriptive."

"As in Queen Elizabeth's time. Altering the spelling a little it *is* descriptive—only it is *Lady Burly*, instead of *Lord Burleigh*."

Rupert smiled—he could not help it. Ruth saw the smile, and rejoiced. She thought. He cannot fancy any one very much whom he can laugh at! As if he had read her thoughts. Rupert said—

"I laugh, but I like her."

"Of course. We always like people until they have done something to make us dislike them—*as I have*."

Rupert looked up hastily. She was looking at him in a sweet, regretful way.

"Yes," she said slowly. "I must have done something to make you dislike me—for—you haven't kissed me since you came."

Rupert looked quickly around him. They were alone in the supper-room. He put out an arm, and, drawing her towards himself, kissed her repeatedly—then rising, said—

"Tell him I have stolen some of his kisses!" and left her abruptly.

"Oh!" said Ruth, "what does this mean?" and, looking up, she saw Cecil coming towards her. Her first thought was —"Did he see?" Her next—"I don't care if he did. It never does any harm to have one man see that another adores you."

"Is Rupert going away?" asked Cecil, seating himself by her.

"I don't know that he is."

"I thought I saw him taking farewell."

"Only for a little while. A cousingly privilege, you know?"

"I am your cousin also."

"Most certainly."

"I wonder if you would allow me to—"

"I didn't allow him," said Ruth, quickly.

"He took me by surprise."

"You seemed quite resigned."

"It makes so much difference *who* surprises one."

Ruth said this, looking up, with an arch smile—and then looking down with a blush.

"I begin to feel jealous," half whispered Cecil. Then he glanced behind him, for an instant, and bent towards Ruth. "*I* also am a cousin," he repeated.

"But you haven't just returned from a long journey."

"Please imagine that I have," said he, kissing her deliberately—too deliberately, for, as Ferd and Miss Cray came in at that moment, it had the air of having been done for their benefit. Did Ruth think so? She looked up, and said—

"A display of family affection, you perceive?"

"Did you say—of a *family-failing?*" asked Ferd.

"A family-failing!" Ruth repeated.

"I recollect grandmamma said that 'a Rupell was always the fool of *some* woman.'"

XXIV.

(*Written of Persephone, the Child.*)

IN THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

Something had happened—what it was I could not tell—but it must have happened at the dance, or at the opera, for it seemed to be all wrong, after that.

Rupert did not seem happy. Could it have been because the young lady with the beautiful hair had gone? There was one comfort—he kept away from Ruth. Cecil looked gloomy all the time, like a prince who had found out that his subjects intended to depose him, and Ferd wasn't jolly a bit any longer. Neither did Ruth seem very merry. But I could not help thinking that they all tried to appear to be having a very good time, indeed, for the house was full of company from morning until night, and I made myself ill eating the nice things we had all the time. Miss Cray was there every day. Aunt Julia liked her so much. She always came with the Milner girls, who were full of fun, and never seemed to think that any one could be out of spirits, or sorry for anything. They were romping girls—and Rupert romped with them, and so did Ferd and Cecil; but, in spite of it all, they used to look as if their hearts were not in it. They used to dress up in some of the queer, old costumes which were hidden away in the ancient part of the house, and come down, and parade themselves before Aunt Julia and me; they used to have charades and games of all kinds—such as Blind Man's Buff and Puss in the Corner—and they would go off sleighriding, and skating, and come home and make snow-images—petting them, like children. But Ferd, and Rupert, and Cecil no longer seemed to feel the same towards each other, though they were merry and full of fun enough, when with any one else. Rupert was my own, darling Rupert again; and wherever he went, he had me go also; and always called me his "particular one." I used to like to see Ruth look askance at me, when she was not watching Miss Cray. I felt sure that Miss Cray liked my Rupert, and Rupert seemed to like her. They were together a great deal—but it was always she who came after Rupert, and not Rupert who went after her. But she did it in such a pretty way that it was not like forwardness—but as a sister would seek the society of a favorite brother. They always called each other Rupert and Cecil, though he used to call her Cecy, a good deal, but he never said it as sweetly as he used to my "Little Queen," or "Your small majesty," or "Geppy, darling." Geppy was what I liked to be called best—but by no one but himself—and when Cecil called me so, one day, I cried.

"What is the matter, my darling Lep?" asked Rupert, surprising me in my tears.

"He—he—" I sobbed, and pointed at Cecil, in lieu of further speech.

"What have you been doing, Cecil?" asked Rupert, in a mock-heroic tone.

"He—he spoiled my name."

"*Spoiled your name?*"

"Yes; he called me *Leppy*."

Cecil looked at me with a singular expression.

"Lo, the name is sacred, it seems, like *Cecy*, etc!"

Rupert grew quite red. Cecil looked at him, opened his mouth as if to speak, then went out of the room.

"This is a miserable way of living, Persephone," said Rupert, drawing me towards him, that he might rest his head upon my shoulder. "I have a mind to leave it off, and try another."

"What! go away, Rupert?"

"Yes; but you should go with me, my pet."

"Always? Wherever you might go?"

"Always. Wherever I might go. I wonder if you would say that if you were grown up, Persephone?"

"Yes, I would."

"Oh! dear me!"

"You are not happy, Rupert"

"I wish the time were passed, and I had my share of the goods, and could 'flee away and be at rest.'"

Ferd came into the room as he said this, and when Rupert saw him he rose to go, as he always did now.

"Going, Rupert?"

"I have some business to attend to. Come, Persephone," and he took me into the shooting-gallery. We were alone there, and Rupert began to regain his cheerfulness, so that it seemed as if he put his gloomy thoughts in with the powder and fired them away with the ball.

I was watching Rupert as he fired, with unerring aim, and a pleased smile at his success playing around his handsome mouth, when, suddenly, a dreadful change came over his face; the soft, clear eyes became blood-shot, and glared under the lowering brows, the red, well-cut lips whitened, and straightened into a line of determined ferocity, the nostrils quivered and expanded, and he fired at the target as if taking aim at a mortal foe. As the smoke cleared away, he dropped his pistol, with a groan, and hid his face in his hands. Aunt Julia, who had been standing in the doorway, when this happened, paused in astonishment, then hurrying towards him, touched his arm, saying, anxiously,

"What is it? Are you hurt?"

"'Lead us not into temptation,'" he said, in a faltering voice, uncovering his face, which was now very pale. "Oh! this dreadful curse!"

"What curse? What are you talking about?" asked Aunt Julia, giving him an impatient little shake.

"The family-failing. It has led to murder before this, you know."

"Before this *what!*"

"Why, I just imagined myself to be killing Ferd."

"*Killing Ferd!*" She fell back a step, and gazed at him with doubtful eyes.

"Don't look at me so, Aunt Julia! I feel more like Cain than before."

"You imagined yourself *to be killing Ferd!*"

"Yes; he has cut me out with Ruth, you know? Of course, Ferd isn't to be blamed, dear old fellow! but it's hard, you see; and and when I was firing away there, he seemed suddenly to come in front of the target, and—I fired—*with the wish to kill.*"

"Do you think it was a—"

"It was my imagination, wrought upon by the evil one. If it had been Ferd himself, I should have fired, in the sudden fury of that moment. I was not myself. I was a devil incarnate."

"Don't talk so, child! You know you wouldn't hurt a fly."

"I know now what is meant by 'lead us not into temptation.' No one can tell what he may do when he is tempted."

"I won't listen to you, Rupert. You belie yourself."

"I wish I did, aunty."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you *intend to kill Ferd?*"

"God forbid! But I think myself guilty of his murder in my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense! Come out and tell Ferd that you've shot him, and see how he'll laugh."

"No, aunty, let us bury the recollection, as if it had been the corpse of the murdered."

This scene made a strong impression upon me, and that same night I awoke screaming. My room opened out of Aunt Julia's, so that she was with me almost instantly. It also communicated with the corridor, and the door being open, the scream rang hollowly through the passage and awakened several. Ruth ran in in her dressing-gown, and soon after Cecil made his appearance. I could see him standing just outside the door, fully dressed, as I clung to Aunt Julia, and sobbed, in answer to her repeated inquiries, "I saw Rupert kill Ferd! I saw Rupert kill Ferd!"

"You have been dreaming, child!" said Aunt Julia.

"Have I? Oh! it was dreadful!"

"I do declare that children are enough to drive any one distracted," said Aunt Julia, giving me a little shake, as she bade me to lie down and go to sleep again, while Ruth hung wondering around the bed, and the slippered feet of other disturbed members of the household began to patter down the corridor. These, however, Aunt Julia routed, charging them with a candlestick in one hand and her hastily-removed night-cap in the other. Then, having given me a final scolding, she said she should stay with me the rest of the night, to stuff the sheet into my mouth if I again intended to alarm the family.

The first thing I heard the next morning was the gay laugh of Rupert; and looking from the window, I saw him pacing up and down the holly-walk, between Cecil and Miss Cray. They were evidently discussing some subject of interest; but, in the midst of it, Rupert, catching sight of me, paused, smiling, and kissing his hand. I turned away shuddering, for the influence of my dream was yet upon me, and that white hand seemed stained with blood. I felt sick at heart, and insisting that I did not want any breakfast, sought Annis for consolation. Like the people of the East, who believe an insane person to be the vehicle of divine inspiration, as the "afflicted of God," so I was inclined to fancy that considerable wisdom was lodged behind Annis's queer, rambling talk, and that if she chose she could astonish us with a knowledge of things beyond mere "mortal ken." I had not seen her for some time, and inquiring for her, learned that she had been away to visit her mother's relations, but was now returned, and I should find her somewhere in the garden.

The air was crisp and clear, and Annis was walking up and down between the rows of evergreen, a little dog running before her, which began to bark spitefully when I came in sight, jumping back as I came forward, and yap-yapping furiously. Annis looked up. "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark. The beggars are coming to town. Some in rags and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns," she said, bowing and courtseying.

"*Yours* is velvet, I believe, Annis. Very handsome—like the Princess Helena's *St.* Helena, you know? I suppose for the Bonapartes. Though why he should be called pony, when his pictures are so stout, I don't see."

"How are you, Annis?" I asked.

"Not very well since the little black dog ran round the house, and set the bull a roaring, and scared the cock upon the rock, who cracked his throat in crowing. It's lucky it wasn't *cut*—it's lucky it wasn't *cut*."

"What, Annis?"

"*A throat*," she said, coming up to me and whispering mysteriously. "It won't be Miss Ruth's fault—however, the serpent is only to bruise his heel."

My dream came before me in appalling colors. What did Annis mean? "Annis, have you heard—do you think—" I began, incoherently. She nodded her head repeatedly. "I *have* heard—yes. He asked me."

"Who asked you?"

"The man in the wilderness, he asked me how many strawberries grew in the sea. I answered him, as I thought good, as many red herrings as grew in Diccom Wood. But strawberries don't grow in the winter, so what is that that's red in the wood?"

"Not—*blood!*"

Annis looked at me and repeated, "Up in the green woods there is a green tree. The finest of apples that ever you see. The apples are ripe and ready to fall. And Rupert Rupell shall gather them all." Though will he eat, after Master Ferd has tasted? He can handle a musket, he can smoke a pipe. And he can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at night."

"Who?"

"Master Cecil. I saw him do it."

"Oh! you have seen him kiss Ruth?"

Annis nodded her head repeatedly, then she shook it as violently and said, "When they've two faces under a hood they'll see better."

"What do you mean, Annis?"

"There will be kings and queens, and dukes and duchesses, and earls and earlesses, and the fairies will creep out from under the mushrooms; the old woman will be there with her broom, the cat will play the fiddle, the cow will jump over the moon, and—"

"Stop, Annis, and tell me what you mean."

"I mean nothing," said Annis, lapsing into another mood. "You are very rude to interrupt."

"I did not mean to interrupt."

"Now my ideas are all tangled up! What shall I do? They are all in knots. I can feel them tying up, tighter and tighter. Oh! dear me! Oh! dear me!" With these lamentations she proceeded to take all the pins out of her hair and pull frantically at it, as if loosing imaginary knots. She would listen to nothing I might say, and at last I left her, and looking back, saw her springing about on the roughened walks, her hair flying in every direction, and both hands tugging and snatching at it.

When I went back to the house I found them all with their heads together over a great portfolio of engravings. I stole behind Ferd and looked over his shoulder. I had seen the engravings often, so had the others, I thought, but they now seemed to be suddenly and very much interested by them.

"Don't let's have anything commonplace," said Ruth. "I am tired of gypsies and flower-girls, and Henry Eighths, and Queen Besses."

"It is very difficult to be original," said Cecil.

"I know what the Wilmer girls will come as," said Ferd, "Louise will be a shepherdess—and Mattie, a little Red Ridinghood."

"Wouldn't Miss Cray be superb as that?" asked Rupert.

That was a Patrician Roman matron of the olden time. The long robe of white silk, with a richly-wrought border zoned under her splendid bust, her superb arms bared to the shoulder, where the robe was fastened with large cameos, the massive braids of her hair bound by a slender coronet, and gathered at the back of her head into a golden caul or net.

"*She* could endure that style of dress," continued Rupert. "What a Zenobia she would make!"

"Or fat-woman," said Ruth.

"That's spiteful," said Rupert.

Ruth looked at him, and colored high. Ferd seemed slightly discomposed, and Cecil turned over another engraving.

"I have half a mind to appear as Scott's Pirate," said Rupert, "as that individual appeared, tete-a-tete, with Minna in the cathedral of St. Magnus."

"That would really be superb," observed Cecil. "As it's a masquerade on ice, I suppose no very gossamer costumes will be admissible."

"Then the Morning and Evening Stars will be done away with," said Ruth. "Let us be thankful for that."

"They might appear in the proper colors, only done in thick materials," suggested Ferd.

"Don't say that to any one," implored Ruth, "or we shall have Titania in a white woolen gown."

"And Oberon in furs. That would do for me, considering I'm *Ferd*."

"*Don't!*" ejaculated the others.

XXV.

(*Annexed to Persephone's Narrative.*)

WHO WAS IT?

"I have a favor to ask of you, Rupert."

"It is granted before the asking."

"Thank you. I would like to borrow those cameos which you brought from the Mediterranean."

"I am sorry; but I have already offered them to some one else."

"Have you given them to her?"

"No; but I have promised them."

"—n tell her that you promised

—

—all you even now, where such love is hopeless—is wrong!"

"Why should it be wrong, Rupert? why is it hopeless?"

"What! when Ferd—"

"I don't see what Ferd has to do with it?"

"Are you not—engaged to Ferd?"

"I! No."

"But, Persephone told me—"

"What did Persephone tell you?"

"That she saw you—in—Ferd's arms."

"A childish exaggeration. So that is what you meant—"

"When?"

"When—when you said—'tell him I have stolen some of his kisses.'" Ruth said this rapidly, and then hung her head.

"Then, Ruth, you are free?"

"As air. Ask Ferd if I'm not."

"I only require your word, my darling."

"And the cameos?"

"Are yours, on one condition."

"What is it?"

"A kiss for each cameo."

"Oh! you absurd boy!"

"Do you promise?"

"Ye—es."

"They will be all *my own* this time!"

"You are anticipating! That is a bracelet's worth?"

"Ruth, I am so happy! How can I ever be grateful enough for what you have given me?"

"You took them!"

"I don't mean that. I mean your own dear self."

"Let me go. Somebody is coming!"

Ruth fled, and Rupert went to his own room to write a note to Miss Cray, to be enclosed with some Roman-mosaics, which were to redeem the promised cameos.

Rupert did not see Ruth again all that afternoon and evening, although he spent the greater part of his time in searching for her. She did not come into the supper-room; and no one could tell him where she might be. Not only Ruth did not appear, but every one seemed to vanish as soon as Rupert appeared. Persephone glided before him like a little, fair ghost. Ferd, when sighted, would seem to become instantly the drapery of a curtain, a fantastic-shaped chair, or the trunk of a tree, as the situation might be.

Aunt Julia, who seemed unusually busy, even for her, dived suddenly into deep closets, or fled up unexpected staircases. Cecil, the only one he didn't care to see, he made himself so *unobtrusively* disagreeable to him,—never exposing a salient point, to admit of a retort—not only was constantly on hand, but seemed to become ubiquitous, for, into whatever room Rupert went, he was sure to find Cecil, either lounging, or reading, or writing, or playing shadowy scraps of tune, with one hand in a ghostly treble, upon the piano. At last, when the lamps were lighted, Rupert sent Ruth's maid to look up her mistress; who, returning, reported that she had retired early, to prepare herself for the fatigues of the next evening.

The following day every one but Rupert was too much occupied with preparations for the evening, to have any thought for anything else.

Dresses were to be tried on, and masks adjusted, the ball-room to be effectively arranged, and the lights, which were to illuminate the skating-pond, placed and carefully secured against accidents. A quantity of flowers, arrived for the decoration of the ball and supper-rooms, occupied Ruth's time and skillful fingers; and, in making her wreaths and bouquets, she was so effectually surrounded by a body-guard of young lady guests, who were to pass the night at Thornhaugh, that Rupert had no opportunity to whisper in her ear any of those "soft nothings" he now felt privileged by their relative positions, to utter, and, uttering, to gain a favorable hearing. Miss Cray was not of the number of these young ladies, for she had not yet arrived; but Lula and Cassa were working busily; and the tongues of Louise and Mattie Milner kept time with their fingers; while Cecil lounged near, wonderfully attentive to all they were saying.

"We couldn't persuade Cecy to come with us. So provoking! She just ties herself to those tiresome lessons,"

"And she seemed so tired," said Mattie, "and not a bit like herself."

"She didn't seem so until after receiving that box from Thornhaugh. I wonder what was in it."

Cecil looked up quickly, from the contemplation of the spray he had been twisting around his fingers.

"Perhaps it was an infernal machine."

"I asked her, and she said—'A disappointment.'"

Cecil smiled, and gazed reflectively into the heart of a tea-rose. His brows bent themselves more and more, but there was a half-smile on his lips.

Rupert left this busy group for a short time—and when he returned, they had all disappeared. The servants were gathering up the stems and scattered petals of the flowers, and the air was odorous with the pendant garlands, and spicy, many-colored pyramids. He heard distant laughter echoing through the corridors, but all the nymphs were fled; and, as they dined in comfortable dishabille, in some upper room, secured to feminine retirement, he saw them no more; and, feeling rather sulky, a most unusual mood for him, retired to smoke and yawn over a book, until evening.

The evening came at last, and then the house was alive with fantastic shapes, which glided through the long corridors, emerged suddenly from darkened passages, rushed in a laughing, rustling crowd, from the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, posed themselves before the great mirrors, which faithfully reflected the gesture of surprise at the queer semblance not fully realized before, the graceful hand, to get a nearer view of the —ght eyes glistening through the mask, —m. unveiled for an instant, the ; glancing from under the .t, the toss of satisfied beauty, tortion of some goblin figure, r grotesque visages, which suc- other, like faces seen in a .hen vanished from the glitter-

the quiet air with their clash and then breathing a harmonious from their brazen throats, the in- of the military-band summoned s to the scene of the festivity. s long avenues and evergreen-bor- leys, lighted with colored lamps, he motley crowd, like a Carnival let midwinter, down to where the Pool ed its dark, shining surface under a glare of light that brought out every that fringed its banks, the sombre, evergreens, the tall trees whose bare bes looked like a dark network against parkling, deep-blue sky, the fine, trail-ing skeletons of the willows, which drooped over its surface, and seemed to trace upon it with their creeping, twining fingers, a mysterious "mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!" for some of those gay revellers who were prepared to glide upon the polished shield be'd above the breast of those deep, silent waters. As they appeared, the broad glare was quenched, a crimson light flashed across the Dark Pool, and a train of rockets rose into the sky and set their stars of crimson, green and azure among the constellations. Then, on every side, burned wheels of fire, which scattered golden stars, fountains of fire poured out their glittering waters, trees of fire bloomed with evanescent flowers, sparkling like those in famed Aladdin's garden, serpents of fire wreathed, darted and hissed amidst the crackling shrubbery, garlands of fire swung from the highest trees and fell, shattering into rainbow stars upon the bosom of the Pool, and broad flames burst out from the most shadowy recesses and played coruscant in leaping tongues of crimson, green and azure.

When the last fiery star had quenched itself in the darkness, the broad glare shone out again, and with a crunch and a ring as the skates cut through the thin scales at the margin of the Pool, and then skimmed over the dark, polished ice, Mephistopheles in person, circled in airy rings, small fits of flame bursting from his scarlet sandals, and puffs of smoke and fiery flashes following his diabolical evolutions. Death followed him, his ghastly skeleton showing less ghastly in the brilliant light, which hinted at the black-robed figure underneath. Mercury came flying after, with winged cap and feet, and his caduceus. A graceful Polish lady glided into view. The Genius of Fire, a steady flame coronetting his cap, came hand in hand with the Lady of the Snow. An Esquimaux, and a Peruvian with plumy coronal; and then they came so thick and fast that the bewildered eye could trace no individual form.

At last the fantastic figures began to circle around in couples, gay Cavalier waltzing with demure Puritan, dark-hooded Monk with Lady of the Court, pranked as gayly as a peacock. Imp with snowy-wimpled Nun, bright Italian Contadina with sour-visaged Oliver Cromwell, a Court Fool with pretty, prim Hannah More, and a Knight in complete armor, whose silver scales were less cumbrous than old Faust's furred cloak, with a bonnie Scotch Lassie, whose short plaid petticoats gave more than a glimpse of two very neat ankles. But, distinguished alike by grace of person and elegance of attire among them all, was Scott's Pirate, dressed in "a blue coat lined with crimson silk, and laced with gold very richly, crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a velvet cap, richly embroidered, with a white feather, white silk stockings and red-heeled shoes; which were the extremity of finery among the gallants of the day. He had a gold chain folded several times around his neck, which sustained a whistle, the ensign of his authority. Above all, he wore a decoration peculiar to those daring depredaters, who, besides one or two brace of pistols at their belt, had usually two additional brace of the finest mounting and workmanship suspended over their shoulders in a sort of sling or scarf of crimson silk." But instead of the dark locks and bronzed skin given by the author to his splendid hero, a quantity of bright curls clustered under the white, curling feather, and a throat as white as a woman's showed itself between the fall of the mask and the graceful embroidered and laced collar. The mask soon learned that his identity was no secret, for he was repeatedly accosted as "Rupert," and many personal allusions were made by the masked skaters, who darted up to him, whispered their jests in his ear, and then slid away too quickly for a retort. Apparently unheeding all this half-careless, half-malicious merriment at his expense, the light figure of the Pirate skimmed across the Pool, thridding repeated groups, and circling closely around several revolving female shapes as though in search of some one. At length a Gypsey became the object of his pursuit, a lithe figure, with arms closely wrapped in her scarlet cloak, and very beautiful feet and ankles. The Gypsey, in her turn, was following on the steps of Mephistopheles, who was skating lazily, draped in his loose mantle, and with none of those fiery manifestations which had accompanied his first appearance. As the Gypsey seemed to become conscious of the Pirate's pursuit, it was wonderful to see what a heavy, awkward, slouching gypsey she became, how the beautiful feet twisted on their stumbling skates, how the easy position of the arms became constrained, with a tendency to protruding elbows, how the erect figure grew round-shouldered and shambling! The Pirate paused as if irresolute. Had there been *two* gypsies? he seemed to ask himself. A gypsey was a commonly-chosen character, easily sustained, and the costume not difficult of preparation. So he turned upon his heel, leaving the shambling, stumbling figure to go in search of his lithe, graceful Gypsey, whose skates twinkled like stars as she flew over the glittering ice. Again he darted in and out of the crowd, and around and across the Pool, meeting no less than three gypsies, but not one the Gypsey whom he sought. After a while, skimming close to the shrubbery, the light caught something glittering among the tangled skeletons of some low bushes, then a gleam of warm, rich color, and there was a gypsey seated on the bank removing her skates! He was at her side in an instant, but her last skate was removed, and she sprang to her feet and ran. Stopping a moment to unbuckle his skates he bounded up the bank and followed her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An editor out West says he is so short-sighted that he frequently rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pencil.

☞ A Georgia editor hearing of General Sherman as the "coming man," expresses a fervent hope that he is not coming that way again.

☞ One of the most lamentable circumstances connected with the death of George Peabody is the mass of poor poetry perpetrated thereover in the rural papers.

☞ Few are probably aware of the fate of Byron's heart. After his death at Missolonghi, in 1822, his body was embalmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inclosed it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted siege of Missolonghi, a sallying party, carrying the relic with them, cut a way with great sacrifice of life through the Turkish lines, but the heart was lost in crossing the marshes.

☞ Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in church every Sunday.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 11, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.00**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By resulting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

STACKS! STACKS!!

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RENA; OR, THE SNOW BIRD. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," "The Banished Son," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LAMPS, PITCHERS AND TRUMPETS. Lectures on the vocation of the Preacher. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD, Minister of Queen-Square Chapel, Brighton, author of "Wordsworth: An Æsthetic Biography," "Dark Sayings on a Harp," etc. Second Series. Published by M. W. Dodd, No. 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE SPANISH BARBER. A Tale of the Bible in Spain. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Two Curious Needles.

The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which, together, did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring-machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small, that it requires a magnifying-glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

FOOD OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.—Every parent must be aware that a child sometimes shows a decided dislike to certain kinds of food. In such a case do not compel it to eat what nature may instinctively reject as being unfit. It is easy to distinguish between a *rooted aversion* and a mere *whim*, if you will only forego that which you wish the child to overcome—the petty tyranny of your own will. Even infants, after enjoying one kind of food for weeks, will suddenly reject it, and refuse to take the first spoonful. This is the voice of nature, calling for a change of diet; and you will be wise not to disregard it.

☞ The students of the University of Michigan have determined to have female lecturers this season, and have invited Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Field, and G. F. Train.

Why Women do Not Succeed.

Mrs. R. Harding Davis, the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," in the search of employment for women, recently visited the "School of Design" in this city, with the following result, as told in a communication to "Hearth and Home:—

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

Here surely were doors enough opened. Let us see how many women choose to enter, and how it fared with them inside.

Houses have personalities as well as men: the idiosyncrasy of this house is work. If labor is worship, here assuredly is the *ecclesia prima* of that sort of devotion. Five minutes' walk through the busy, orderly rooms has precisely the same effect on an ordinary mortal as the meeting with a reformer possessed with some great idea as with a demon: all our lazy days gone by, all our useless, pleasant, dear ways of wasting time rise, sudden sins, waiting their turn to be whipped of justice.

The principal of the academy is a man who recognizes the demand of my poor friend Sarah Johns as the most imminent need of the age. The woman who does not work in his creed has not justified her right to live. Work is the rule; wifehood and maternity the possible accidents. Novel and song writers should have but one neck, in his theory, that they might hang the sooner. The stern utilitarian sat in his office, surrounded by plaster casts of the gods of old Greece, but I fancied they had a cowed and beaten look—they had so long mistaken their office! Pan held out his pipes obediently as a pattern for drugget, and Venus waited to be copied as a figure for vestibule-paper!

"But where is the difficulty?" I asked, after an hour's despondent discussion of the subject. "The scheme for aid here is a grand one, and grandly carried out. The pupils crowd to the school, and the work is waiting for them outside. Where is the cause of defeat?"

"In the pupils themselves, madame. Women will not work as men do—because—"

"Because what?"

"They expect to be married!"

There was something pathetic in it after all. It was the old story of a reformer giving his life to enforce a great idea, and perpetually baffled by human weakness.

Or human nature?

We had no time to discuss that question. But I fancied a smile on the faces of the old heathen deities about him. What if they did serve as conduits for gas-pipes nowadays? They belonged to all time, and had fathomed the eternal secret of men and women so much better than we!

Repeated and Prolonged Vigils.

The Abbe de la Caille, a famous astronomer, invented a kind of fork in which he adjusted his head, and thus passed nights in observation of the sky, without knowing any other enemies than sleep and the clouds, and without suspecting that there was a sweeter employment of those silent hours which revealed to him the harmony of the world. He contracted in this way an inflammation of the chest, which carried him off in a few days. The painter Girodet did not like to work in the daytime. Seized in the middle of the night with a fever of inspiration, he would rise, light lustres suspended in his studio, set upon his head an enormous hat covered with wax-lights, and in this singular costume he would paint for whole hours. As might be expected, few have had more wretched constitutions or more dilapidated health than Girodet. Toward the end of his short life his genius seemed wedded to a corpse.

The cruel wakefulness that torments thinkers wears out life indeed with fearful rapidity, whether by shortening its duration or by diminishing its effective power. Vigils, while depriving the body of rest, overexcite the cerebral activity, augment that enormous expense of nervous energy made in the work of thought, and keep up a fluxion of blood to the head. They thus prevent repair of the waste of force, or at least oppose a complete restoration of power (since this requires in sleep a collapse of the brain by diversion of its circulating volume toward other viscera.) Often, indeed, the thinker, wearied and overcome, leaves his work, to court sleep. But sleep shuns him, the wished-for calm comes not, the excited circulation of the brain continues. That cerebral tension, so much coveted in order to produce and to combine ideas, continues the master where it was invoked as the servant. At last, after the lapse of many wakeful nights, a restless, troubled sleep imperfectly repairs the forces destined to be again consumed. "Such nights abridge our days," says Bacon. How dear Nature makes us expiate our contempt for her laws and her lessons!

In the works of men of letters, of orators, and poets, every chapter, every paragraph, is the investment of a portion of their life. Goethe lived long, notwithstanding his immense labors, and yet the excitement of his brain, when at work, almost always led to accidents; the composition of each of his great works was followed by a malady. Woe to those imprudent vanities that would supply by a forced labor what Nature has refused them!

☞ In Mississippi, Alcorn, the Republican candidate for Governor, has been elected by a large majority.

☞ Mr. Albert D. Richardson, who was shot by McFarland in the New York Tribune office, died on the 2d of Dec., at the Astor House.

☞ Mr. Richard Wagner, the inventor of the "music of the future," has on the walls of his private study portraits of Goethe and Schiller, and one of Beethoven with a mirror opposite. In front of this Wagner places himself, and then says to visitors, "Here you see the four great men of Germany."

☞ J. P. Jewett, the original publisher of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is said to be now working as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia.

☞ Victor Emmanuel must be a full-blooded king. He has been bled 200 times in his life, and excessive bleeding was the cause of his recent dangerous illness.

☞ It is now said that when the Cardiff giant is alone at night, he removes his right hand from its customary position, and placing the thumb on the end of his nose, vibrates his fingers in the air.

☞ The celebrated Dr. Gregory, in the course of one of his medical lectures at Edinburg, stated: "One cannot stand perfectly motionless for half an hour; that he had once tried to do so, and had fainted at the end of twenty minutes, the blood requiring the aid of motion from the body in order to retain its full circulating power."

Mohammed.

In the last number of the Quarterly Review there is an article on "Islam," which contains a description of Mohammed, so graphic, striking, and new, that the reader will be glad to see it reproduced here. The portrait is derived from the Traditions, the Midrash of Islam, as the writer terms them:

"He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—produced by the agonies of his 'Revelations.' His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under long heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion 'red and white,' his hands were as 'silk and satin,'—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one 'who steps from a high to a low place.' In turning his face he would also turn his whole body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. 'Oh, my little son!' reads one tradition, 'hadst thou seen him thou wouldst have said thou hadst seen a sun rising.' 'I,' says another witness, 'saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.'

"In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fulness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all 'superfluities.' The only luxury he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred.

"His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain; he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. 'He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain,' it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. 'Ten years,' said Anas, his servant, 'was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as "Uff" to me.' He was very affectionate toward his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets, and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, 'What has come to him?—may his forehead be darkened with mud!' When asked to curse some one he replied, 'I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind.' 'He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself,' relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, 'I have never seen his like either before or after.' He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy-tales, and the like. He would romp with the children, and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby-wife had brought into his house."

Anecdote of the Blind.

John Stanley, the musician, lost his sight when only two years of age. He had so correct an ear, that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollected the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, who then accosted him in an assumed voice. If twenty persons were seated at a table together, he would address them all in their regular order, without their being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, though it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind; and towards the close of his life, when he lived in Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle, but these marks were so delicately fine, as scarcely to be discerned by any person not previously apprised of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers, after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that one was.

☞ A new disease of the grape has appeared throughout the vine-growing districts of France, which has already done immense damage. It is caused by the ravages of an insect hitherto unknown, and which all known means have as yet failed to extirpate. Unless a remedy be discovered the results will be serious.

☞ "Brown, what did you clear by that speculation?" "I cleared my pockets," said Brown.

Father Hyacinthe Astonished.

Father Hyacinthe is in the full vigor of physical and intellectual life. He is forty-two years of age; about five feet six inches in height; of a square, well-knit, erect person; inclining neither to leanness nor to obesity: a splendidly proportioned head, which, when at rest, slightly inclines on one side; a massive and serene, yet thoughtful, brow; well-arched eyebrows, delicately pencilled; an aquiline nose; an exquisitely chiselled mouth and chin, in which firmness and spirituality are well indicated, with a dash of humor; his eyes, partially closed—and the left eye rather more so than the right—for he is very near-sighted, have a steady, penetrating gaze, tempered by gentleness, which varies in character as the conversation itself varies; now lighted by the fire of an earnest eloquence, and now toned down to the tenderness of Christian pity: such is the personal outline of the eloquent ex-monk.

Nothing seems to surprise him more than the manner in which private documents find their way into the public prints. He presents a letter of introduction to Fernando Wood, and the next day he reads its principal contents in the World. He receives a telegram, reads and pockets it: the following day it is published, *verbatim*, in another paper; he hands H. W. Beecher a line of introduction, and, before another sun has set, it is blazoned to the world in print. "*Il n'y a donc passde privacute? Tout se public. C'est inconcevable!*" he exclaimed when remarking upon this point.—*Hours at Home for December.*

A Cinder in the Eye.

It is comparatively easy when a cinder or any other substance, is under the lid of the eye, to get it out—if you only know how. A writer in the Hearth and Home will tell you *how*, in the following extract:

Nothing is more distressing than a piece of cinder in the eye, and no disorder is more easily remedied. The cinder will be found just underneath the margin of the upper lid, where there is a small groove or gutter for the flow of tears to the inner angle of the eye. Foreign bodies tend to fall into this groove, and if they are very angular, like cinder, they adhere in spite of the current of tears, which now flow in greater abundance, and will sooner or later carry off smooth substances.

Now, if you will raise the margin of the upper lid and turn it over, the cinder or grain of sand will be exposed, and may easily be removed with the point of a pencil, or with the finger covered with a handkerchief.

I then demonstrated this simple operation on one of the boys, thus: Taking my pencil in my right fingers, with the thumb and first finger of my left hand I seized the eyelashes of the upper lid, and drawing the lid gently out from the ball, pressed the point of the pencil downward upon the upper surface of the lid, about one-fourth of an inch from its margin, and at the same time carried the margin upward over the pencil by the eyelashes, when the lid readily rolled over the pencil so as to expose completely the gutter described.

A New Metal.

The quiet intimation given last spring about a new metal is now something to be talked about, for Sir Joseph Whitworth, after a long course of experiment, has succeeded in producing iron and steal, which, as he states, will resist any amount of shock or strain that may be put upon them. This "Whitworth metal," as it is called, is, while in a molten state, subjected to enormous pressure, by which all the air-bubbles—those sources of weakness—are got rid of, and the metal is rendered perfectly homogeneous. If Sir J. Whitworth is right in his conclusions, our iron trade is about to undergo another revolution, and we shall have guns of the largest size, which will send their bolt through anything and everything, and never burst; we shall have wheels for railway-carriages that will never crack, boilers that will never blow up, and wire for submarine cables that won't break in the laying. It is an encouraging prospect; and we hope that the ten young men who have just obtained the ten Whitworth scholarships of one hundred pounds each, will perpetuate the persevering skill, the ingenuity, and enterprise of their benefactor.

As if to be ready for the new demand that will grow out of these indestructible guns, a new kind of powder, nearly six hundred times stronger than gunpowder, has been invented and patented by an Austrian, resident in the United States. Further particulars may be expected ere long.—*London Once a Week.*

How very curious it is that copper, a metal which we generally regard as poisonous, can have health-sustaining properties! Yet a French physician has learned, from statistics of the last two cholera epidemics, that all kinds of workers in copper enjoy a remarkable immunity from choleric disorder. While the rate of mortality among iron-smiths and other metal artists was about 1 in 150, that among copper-smiths and copper handlers generally was only 3 in 10,000. Comparing the various classes of work, it was evidenced that the more liable the men are to take cupreous dust into their system the less the chances of their taking the disease. There is a workmen's society in Paris, comprising about 300 members, all turners, mounters, and chasers of bronze articles, and during the cholera plagues of 1832, 1849, 1854, 1865, and 1866 there was but one fatal case among them, and that was a man who had left the trade two years before.

☞ Ah! who would not abide in California during the fruit season? A German farmer at Mokelumne being congratulated upon the abundance and quality of his Bartlett pears, replied, "Oh yes, dey make such good food for de cows."

☞ A Frenchman propounds the brilliant scheme for repelling a naval invasion from a city, of pouring petroleum on the water at ebb tide and setting fire to it, thus securing the destruction of wooden vessels and the roasting of the crews in iron steamers.

☞ The heart of an insane nobleman, who died recently at Milan, was found to contain a needle three inches long. About two years ago he told his parents that he had pierced his heart with a needle, which, of course, was not believed, as no change in its workings could be observed. Scientific men regard this case as being of most extraordinary interest to surgeons and anatomists.

☞ A man is now in Detroit with his scalp in his pocket. The Indians took it off for him.

☞ The first horse-cars in Minnesota will run through the streets of Minneapolis next month.

To Discover Bad from Good Silver Coins.

Considering the rough treatment imposed on the teeth of certain cautious people, a ready means of distinguishing good silver coins from bad ones will certainly be worth the space which we shall devote to it. Moreover, the process to be mentioned is philosophical; whereas the act of biting a coin—good or bad—is barbarian. It may be termed the "chromic-acid test," and the operation of it may be thus expounded. When coins, or other surfaces of silver, are moistened with a little chromic acid—or what is just as well, chromate of potash and sulphuric acid mingled—a spot of reddish-purple hue soon appears. The tint is due to the formation of bichromate of silver. Of course, to insure the appearance of this color, silver must be present. Hence, base coins will not yield it—nay, more, very poor silver coins will not develope the appearance.

Remembering.

It is a remark of Bacon's, that, if we wish to commit anything to memory, we will accomplish more in ten readings if at each perusal we make the attempt to repeat it from memory, referring to the book only when the memory fails, than we would by a hundred readings in the ordinary way, and without any intervening trials. The explanation of this fact is that each effort to recollect the passage secures to the subsequent perusal a more intense degree of attention; and it seems to be a law of our nature, not only that there is no memory without attention, but that the degree of memory is, in a great measure, proportioned to the degree of the attention.

A Chinaman can't pronounce the word "business." The nearest he can come to it is "pigeon." A few English words pronounced in John Chinaman's peculiar way, a few Portuguese, and a few Chinese words, all wrought into Chinese idioms, make up the business language which is used between the Chinese and English-speaking traders. This language is called "Pigeon English." An Englishman translated into Pigeon the familiar address, "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," and the result was: "My name is b'long Norval; top side kehlampian hills my fader chow chow he sheep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store," had to be freely "done" in this shape: "My fader very small heartee man—too much likee dat piecie dolla."

☞ Paris, Dec. 3.—At the sitting of the Corps Legislatif, to-day, Henri Rochefort rose and demanded that the National Guard be ordered to guard the Hall of the Corps Legislatif, in the future, for the protection of the members. The demand took the chamber by surprise and created an extraordinary sensation. Expressions of astonishment burst forth from all parts of the hall. Cheers followed, which were answered by cries of derision and disapproval. The opposition members generally applauded, but the majority protested against the demand and the demonstration made in its favor.

☞ The spectroscope having shown that the sun is a large collection of minerals known on the earth, including the precious metals, an inventive Yankee is meditating upon a process to extract gold from the sunbeams.

☞ Blackwood says the salutation, "How do you do?" really means "How do you thrive?" The second "do" being really the obsolete Saxon word "dow," meaning to thrive.

☞ A Canadian red-coat ran off with the wife of a comrade, and also considerable baggage. The husband wisely sent a detective after his goods, and allowed the wife to keep on.

☞ George Sand is over sixty-five years of age, but does not look it. Her hair is thick and dark, and is worn in puffed bands. Her forehead is wide, but retreats, while her eyes are very large, limpid, and dark. She has a delicate, soft, white hand, that bestows the gentlest sort of a shake when you are introduced. She dresses in heavy black silks, without trimmings, with a rich point lace collar and cuffs of antique pattern. She seldom takes the initiative in conversation, but, when she speaks, torrents of eloquence flow from her mouth in fine round accents, lending additional interest to any subject. She is a great admirer of jewelry.

☞ New York has a girl aged sixteen, who, knowing her rights, maintains them by shining boots in the City Hall Park.

☞ Nilsson was lately paid $2,500 in gold to sing at one concert in Brighton, England. This is probably more than any one singer ever before received for one performance.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL; is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 64 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ "Julius, what is a parallelogram?"
"A parry what?"
"A parallelogram."
"A parallelogram, Mr. Snow, is produced by substracting der surbase of a triangle from de equilibrium of half de radishes. Do you understand?"
"Of course I does. I only axed to see how much de nigger know'd."

Interesting to Ladies.

After having the Grover & Baker and the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines fairly tried, by two of the best operators in the country, in my house, I have concluded to buy the Grover & Baker, it proving in mine and my family's mind, to be the best machine for general family use.—*James Armor, near Wilmington, Del.*

☞ A rich man who lives near Rio Janeiro, is said to keep a large anaconda on his premises, to frighten off ladies and missionaries, who are constantly soliciting donations for charitable and religious purposes.

Holiday Presents for all can be found at Parker & Co.'s, 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass. To enable every person to provide themselves with handsome and useful holiday presents, from now until the 20th of January, 1870, these gentlemen will issue large eight-paged catalogues of all the newest and best novelties in such goods as Fancy Boxes, Desks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco, Gilt and Velvet Bindings, real Morocco Shopping Bags, Furnished Reticules, Silver Plated Ware and Cutlery of all descriptions, the latest styles of Jewelry in Gold, Cornelian, Jet, Shell, Etruscan, Carbuncle and Hair, Dry Goods, &c., &c., &c., and hundreds of the latest and best published books. They are giving One Hundred Tickets to *every one* who will become their agent, without charging them 10 cents each as heretofore. Read the change in their advertisement in another column, and send for catalogue.

The Bands of Orion.

"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?"
—*Job.*

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other and to the rest of the constellation from year to year and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. And yet, in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is a constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling round invisible centres, and even passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them.

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1870, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive National Calendar.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking*. Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dec4-4t

☞ It is a mistake to carry fashions into great extremes. In the East women wear the same style of dress that they wore thousands of years ago. Their fashions never change; yet they are as attractive as they ever were, and in the East women are as influential as in the West, however little their influence may be recognized and avowed.

The Universal Cry, "What shall I buy for Holiday Presents" can be answered best by Parker & Co., 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, who have an immense variety of holiday and useful articles, such as all kinds of Fancy Boxes, Writing Desks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco and Gilt and Velvet bindings, real Morocco Shopping Bags, Furnished Reticules, Silver Plated Ware, and Cutlery of all descriptions, Jewelry imitations of the latest styles of solid gold, which cannot be distinguished from the real, &c., &c., and hundreds of the latest and most entertaining books. Their stock contains almost everything necessary to supply the wants and gratify the tastes of everybody, and they claim that their superior facilities for buying these goods enables them to sell at very much under the regular prices paid for such articles. They want agents everywhere, to whom they offer most liberal inducements. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.

☞ *Young Hopeful.*—"What does 'pa paint all day long for, 'ma?"
Mamma.—"That you may have your dinner, my dearest."
Young Hopeful (pondering.)—"Does he smoke all day long for my dinner, too, 'ma?"

Just Out.

"*CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,*"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

Rushton & Co.,
oct23-3m 16 Astor House, New York.

"The brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a four quart skillet."
"Your honor's head," the girl replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

"Who Would Suffer?"

It is now 22 years since Dr. Tobias first introduced the "*Venetian Liniment*" in the United States, and never in a single instance has his medicine failed to do all, if not more than is stated in his pamphlet. As an external remedy in cases of chronic rheumatism, headache, toothache, bruises, burns, cuts, sores, swellings, sprains, stings of insects and pains in limbs, back and chest, its wonderful curative powers are miraculous. Taken internally for the cure of cholera, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, sick headache and vomiting, its soothing and penetrating qualities are felt as soon as taken. The oath with which each bottle is accompanied will show that there is nothing injurious in its composition. Thousands of certificates have been received speaking of the rare virtues of this valuable article. Any person after having used it once will never be without it. Every bottle of the genuine has the signature of "S. I. Tobias" on the outside wrapper.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. dec1-4t

☞ A California paper, speaking of the Japanese, says:—"They will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business."

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. Robert S. League & Co., sep4-1y

☞ "You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had here yesterday," said a landlady in Indiana to a newly-arrived guest; "there were thirteen couples of 'em." "What! thirteen couples just married?" "Oh, no, sir; thirteen couples just divorced!"

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. Evans & Co., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

☞ Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

Parisian Politeness.

Frenchmen of the old school did at times tremendously polite things, such as breaking their necks to pick up a lady's fan, or setting fire to a house to dry her when caught in a shower of rain, or running through the body any one who should dare to say that her foot was large or her nose red. In our days Frenchmen are not quite such fools, and yet they sometimes do exceedingly foolish things in the polite line. This story, for example, is related of a Count de Leoculteux, who has just died. In descending the staircase of the opera, one night, a lady of his acquaintance had a lace dress of considerable value torn by a man treading on it. After an exclamation of impatience, she turned to the count and said—

"Have you a pin?"

"Madame," said he, "I don't carry a pin-cushion—but here is one," and he drew from his breast a valuable diamond.

"Sir," said the lady, nettled probably by his retort about the pin-cushion, "I cannot accept a diamond from you."

"Well, then," returned he, "here is a pin without a diamond."

And breaking off the jewel, he threw it out of the window, and presented the simple pin.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Relief.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ It has been discovered by careful experiments in Charleston that the weight of a bale of cotton varies slightly with the temperature. A fall of ten degrees in the thermometer causes a bale of cotton to gain about a pound and a half in weight.

An Established Remedy.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an established remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and other troubles of the throat and lungs. Their good reputation and extensive use has brought out imitations, represented to be the same. Obtain only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

☞ "Star of the Valley, I schlimlennamowitchewngan you," is the way they declare love in the big Injun tongue.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment are the mother's true friends. Measles, so very fatal to children if improperly managed, can be controlled by these excellent internal and external remedies. Sold by every respectable druggist in the world.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Oct., by the Rev. Chas. N. Atkinson, Dr. Gamble, Esq., to Miss Mollie A. McLean, both of Winona, Miss.

On the 25th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. William S. Hayes to Miss Kate V. Powell, daughter of the late Jas. H. Powell, both of this city.

On the 25th of Nov., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. Charles H. Wright to Miss Susie L., daughter of Wm. Perkins, Esq., both of this city.

On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. Joseph Sprague to Miss Annie E. S., daughter Theophilus Husted, both of this city.

On the 20th of Nov., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. W. Frank Thompson to Miss Ellen M. Wallace, of this city.

On the 25th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. George Wagner to Miss Emily L. Cannon, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Nov., William Craven, in his 77th year.

On the 26th of Nov., William J. Armstrong, in his 25th year.

On the 29th of Nov., George Metzler, in his 72d year.

On the 27th of Nov., John S. Wallace, in his 75th year.

On the 28th of Nov., Mrs. Sarah Tomlin, in her 70th year.

On the 28th of Nov., Miss Mary M. Hoffitt, in her 36th year.

On the 27th of Nov., Henry Jordan, in his 90th year.

On the 22th of Nov., Elizabeth Snyder, in her 77th year.

On the 26th of Nov., Miss Hannah Alexander, in her 81st year.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the case of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

BY FRANCES DANA GAGE.

Silent and alone, silent and alone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,
That used to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirth, and boisterous glee!
Who littered the carpets, misplaced the chairs,
And scattered their playthings all unawares;
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,
And while they were getting, ran in and out;
Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling,
And never saved jackets or pants from soiling;
Had ever a want, and ever a will
That added a care to my heart, until
I sometimes sighed for the time to come,
When they'd all be big, and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
There are no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,
No little blue eyes to sing to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little garments to hang on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle-bed, brim full of rollick,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—
(Oh! such a sad, lonely evening as this is!)
No little voices to shout with delight:
"Good night, dearest mamma, good night, good night."
Silent the house is; no little ones here,
To startle a smile or to chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
It seems but yesterday since they were young;
Now they're all scattered the world's paths among,
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing;
Out where new firesides with love-lights are glowing;
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping,
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping;
Out where the high hills of science are blending
Up 'mid the cloud-rifts, up, still ascending;
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain,
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;
Out in life's thoroughfares all of them meeting;
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come
Back to your mother's arms—back to the Home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?
They'll be my little ones never again!
Can the great oaks to acorns return?
The broad rolling stream flow back to the burn?
The mother call childhood again to her knee,
That in manhood went forth, the strong and the free!
Nay! nay! no true mother would ask for them back,
Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on life's track,
Will come like an organ note, lofty and clear,
To lift up her soul and her spirit to cheer!
And though her tears fall, when she's silent and lone,
She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone!

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Thy will, O Father! not my will be done!

Three Days in a Woman's Life.

Then was it written in the sky
And in the stars above,
That but three moments should be given
To me for life and love.

One moment for us to meet,
And one to part, and then
One moment for a rainbow dream
To melt in tears again.

Yes, thus 'twas written in the sky,
'Twas thus the stars decreed,
And we, far parted, wander on
Where'er these stars may lead.

But there's a happy distant land
Where the bonds of fate are riven,
And there we two shall meet again
Beyond the starry Heaven.

—*Translated from the German.*

Yes, it is very true, though life be long, yet as one looks back, a few days only stand out from its monotonous level and give their color to one's existence. One such day—divided from me by forty years—rises on my memory now in undiminished brightness, and neither time, nor space, nor any other thing, nor death itself, I sometimes think, shall quite do away with its influence upon my soul.

I had risen early, and as I threw open my bedroom window and breathed the dewy freshness of the morning, I turned away in discontent at its calm brightness, for to-day *he* must go a way!

This thought had repeated itself in my uneasy dreams and troubled waking, till I felt angry with myself, but neither pride nor reason can avail against the pain that wearied my heart that morning. I dressed myself, and wandered out into the garden. I stopped by a little sparkling fountain and gazed abstractedly at its shining waters, and the waving trees, and the brilliant flowers—gazed and thought. To-day he is going away. I sat down by the fountain's brink and dreamed past scenes over again, mixed with vague fancies of what the future might have in store.

Suddenly I was aware of a shadow between me and the sun. I looked up. Ralph Trafford stood before me. With a suppressed cry I started to my feet, for a dream that changes to a reality, a thought that becomes a bodily presence, has something awful in it; my face must have expressed as much, for with an amused smile, he said, "I am sorry I frightened you—but what makes me so very alarming this morning?" All my heart's blood rose to my face—I tried to speak and could not, but tears came instead, tears that washed away the last slight defences that kept our hearts apart; and ah! what echoes of heavenly music did the voice I listened to awaken in my heart, what strange glory passed over the face of the earth! Then fell the shadows, and the drop of gall from which no earthly happiness is free, and mingled itself in my cup of bliss. His dark eyes were looking into mine with tender pity, and the tone of his voice was sad, almost remorseful, as he said, "Forgive me, Alice, I did not mean this."

"How? I do not understand you."

"I have been weak, base, selfish. What right had I to throw the smallest shadow of my own trials on your bright young life? A few more hours of silence and forbearance, and I, with my wretched fortune would have been out of your way forever. I should speedily have been forgotten, and some one with a home to offer——"

"Oh, Ralph!"

"My poor love, do not look as if I meant a reproach; but my prospects are so little hopeful, God knows whether it will ever be in my power to claim you as my wife. It would be the very height of selfishness to sacrifice your future to a vision that possibly, nay probably, could never be realized; better be nothing to you than a vain regret."

"Stop, Ralph. It is *you* who do no understand *me* now. Could it have been better for me to believe that you had made it a day's amusement to win my heart and gone away to play the same careless frolic perhaps with another? To have both my self-respect and trust in others poisoned by the harassing doubt whether I had been misled by my own silly vanity or your cruel deceit. No! henceforth come what may, I can bear it. I may never see you again, but I have your love. You may forget me; may even transfer your love to another; but I shall know I had it once. You cannot deprive me that comfort now!"

His self-blame was chased away, at least for the moment, and we sat together by the fountain silent and happy—the past forgotten, the future unthought of, the present all in all. We made no vows, plighted no troth; but we loved one another, and we knew it. A few more hours, and he was gone away into the wide world, the deep sea between us, and barriers far more impassable dividing us from each other for ever! I, too, returned to my own home, and no trace remained of the day that had so great an influence on my life, save in the depths of my own heart.

I have never seen that garden again; but since I have been old I dreamed that I was there. Once more the fountains sparkled in the sunshine, the trees waved, the birds sang, the very scent of the flowers—all, all was as on that day so long ago. For one moment I was young again,—it was a strange sensation; the next there was a pang of something lost or mislaid, a doubt as of my own identity, a struggle to think and recollect; and I awoke. It was only a dream; nay, only the reflection of a dream—the shadow of a shade.

The mists gather over the magic glass of memory. They clear, and another picture forms itself to my mind's eye.

I am in my old room at home. The shadows of evening are darkening in the autumnal sky, the large heavy clouds drift about like uneasy spirits. I raise my eyes to the casement window and watch the faded, falling leaves flutter by and vanish like the hope and promise of my youth. The moaning of the wind sounds in my ears like the wailing dirge of the past, and the fast darkening heaven seemed the emblem of my future. With a heavy sigh I stirred the smouldering fire into a blaze, and stooped to read by its light those sentences of the letter I held, and which were already imprinted in fiery characters on my brain. It was my sister Eleanor's kind, unconscious hand that had given me this mortal blow—yes, a mortal blow! for that which had been for three years the life of my life died out as I read—died and made no sign. Her story was merely this:—"Do you remember Ralph Trafford? Perhaps not, it is so long since you met him; though you ought, for, by-the-bye, he used to be a great admirer of yours, dear Alice. Well, Mr. Lewis has been at Munich, where he saw a good deal of him. Just before he left, it came out that Ralph had been privately married for some weeks to the widow of Count ——, who died not above six months ago. There had been some scandal about Ralph and this woman last year, so Mr. L. says, but whether the reports are true or not of course he could not say; but, at all events, it was not the first scandal *she* has been the heroine of. My husband is vexed, for he has always had a great regard for Ralph; and what makes the matter more annoying is that his elder brother is now quite given over, and only sent to Madeira to die, so that we may soon expect the bride and bridegroom to take possession of D—— Hall, and I must decide what to do about calling on her," &c., &c.

Not I, then, but another, was to share his home, when he had one to offer. I crushed the letter together in my hand, and flung it into the fire. The feelings of my heart as I watched it shrivel and perish, I am as unable to describe as to forget.

I had answered quietly and collectively when asked, "What does Eleanor say?" I remember, as I put down the letter to pour out my mother's tea, that I searched the sugar-basin with minute perseverance, in in order to find a lump of the precise size. I went through the ordinary occupations of the day as usual. My inner life had long been too distinct from the external for this to be difficult; but *at last*, alone in my own room, the icy numbness that had gathered round my heart gave way. I flung myself on my knees by the bedside, and covered my face with my hands, though there was no one to see the tears that came to my relief. Ah! my vain trust. Ah! my foolish hope. But he had loved me once, and there was still comfort in the thought. Who has not once in his life been happy in a visionary Paradise, and been driven out by the flaming sword? But the degree of suffering depends on the capacity to suffer, and mine was great. On some minds an impression is no sooner made than it begins to be effaced. Time alone, with light imperceptible touches, suffices to smooth away its traces; but on *others*, a strong impression once made is ineffaceable; like characters chiselled on a hard stone the marks may be overgrown, but beneath the moss and lichen that hides them they still remain till the stone itself shall perish. The letter was consumed. I started up and paced the narrow room with the feeling of a caged animal. I longed to rush out into the woods and fields, and there, in solitude under the stormy sky, do battle with the fiery pain that gnawed at my heart; but no, I must wrap myself in the Spartan cloak of reticent reserve, and I did it, but it was a hard struggle. I do not love to contemplate it even now. Let the picture go.

Years pass away, and another day arrives, the last on which I was ever destined to feel a strong emotion.

I had arrived at the age of thirty. I was in the drawing-room of a small house in Torquay, where we were passing the winter for the sake of my mother's failing health. She, wrapped in a large shawl, is sitting in the warmest corner by the fire talking with unusual cheerfulness to my brother Charles and his wife, who were staying with us; but I, withdrawn from the bright fire and cheerful talk, sit by the window looking into the dreary street, bleak and dismal in the lengthening days and strengthening cold of early February. Ah! my poor mother. I know why she is so cheerful. I had on that day received an eligible offer of marriage.

"I can depart in peace now," she said when I showed her Colonel Griffiths's letter. "I shall see you in a home of your own, my Alice."

Yes, it would be better so. I was a very fortunate woman. Colonel Griffiths would have been a good match for me when I was in the zenith of my beauty—how lucky then to make such a marriage now! I had struggled with my wasted love, my vain regrets. There was something buried deep down in my heart, but it lay very still. It gave no sign of life. I wished to forget it was there. Yet on this day there were ominous stirrings and heavings in the grave where it lay hid, a sort of convulsive sob; but no, it *must* be dead, it had been so long buried. Why should not my future life be bright? and then my eyes and thoughts wandered to the opposite house. It had been tenanted by a lady, of whom all I knew was that she was solitary and a widow, but I had watched her gradual decline with interest that was partly pity and partly envy. She was young, certainly not older than myself, and her task was done already. The soul that looked out of her bright limpid eyes was fast departing to some calm region of eternal rest; whilst for me, how many weary years had to be traversed before my pilgrimage should be over? Yet to see her dying among strangers so lonely and forlorn was a sad and pitiful sight, but that was all over now, she had departed, and the hearse which was to carry her frail faded form to a distant grave stood at the door. A travelling carriage was there too; that must be for the brother, who had come to her only the day before she died. Very sad and dispirited as I was feeling, the contemplation of death was more congenial to me than the thought of life. I continued to look on dreamily, but when the door opened and he, her brother, advanced to the threshold, what made my heart stop and then throb so tumultuously? Why were life, and death, and eternity, *all* forgotten in the absorbing agony of expectation with which I watched to see his face. I did see it, he looked up. Oh! will nothing keep him one moment whilst I look at the grave care-worn features once more? *Once more!* No, he gets into the carriage, he pulls down the blinds, and he is gone! I walked slowly back towards the fire.

"Why, Alice, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" was the exclamation that greeted me. And so I had. I had seen one who for me had no longer an existence upon earth—I had seen Ralph Trafford, and, like an apparition from the land of spirits, he came in time to warn me from the evil I was about to do. Yet, after that strong yearning to look upon his face again had passed, it was not so much love that woke in my heart as a despairing conviction that this man was my fate. That to be his sacrifice was my destiny, and that I could not fight against it. I had never been so near hating Ralph as at the time when I resolved to offer up all the remainder of life to the memory of the love I once bore him; never felt so tender a gratitude to the other as when I determined to reject him; but that one electric moment had lighted up every hidden corner of my heart, and shown me the dishonor it would be to accept that for which I could give no equivalent. That day was the last of my life. I seem to myself since then to have had nothing to do with this world, only to wait the end, and muse over the painful riddle of existence with patient wonder, and a hope, more lively as the time of my departure draws near, that when the veil of material things is removed, this life of mine, so suffering and apparently so purposeless, may, in the unknown world which is to come, turn out after all to have had a use and a meaning.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

In her own favorite room at the Rock, with its soft carpet of many colors, and its beauteous furniture, its rare and costly surroundings, sat Mrs. Canterbury. The French window was opened to the ground, and the gay autumn flowers were wafting in their sweetest perfume. On the lawn beyond, the young heir to the Rock was sporting with his attentive friend, Captain Dawkes. The blue sky was overhead, the warm sunshine shed delight around. Pleasant things all; but to Caroline Canterbury they seemed as dismal as a dark night. For her the world had lost its charm.

She sat in a low chair drawn back from the window, dressed for gayety. It was afternoon yet, but she had a drive of ten miles to keep a dinner engagement, and the carriage to convey her was already coming round. It was only yesterday that Thomas Kage had quitted her after his brief visit, and yet it seemed to her that she had since lived a lifetime.

None, save herself might know what fond dreams she had been indulging since the death of Mr. Canterbury; dreams of which Thomas Kage was the hero. There was no sin in doing it, as she would softly repeat over and over to herself: she was as free as air, and there could be no sin. None, save herself, could ever know or conceive what awful pain, mortification, and repentance his rejection inflicted on her. Bright was she to look at in her gala-robes; the black-net dress with its white satin ribbons, than which nothing could be more attractive to the eye, and the diamonds gleaming in the hair where the widow's cap so recently had been; but the heart within was encased in sackcloth and bitter ashes. What where all the jewels and gauds of the world to her, since she might not enjoy them?

She could not enjoy them alone. Whatever might have been Caroline Kage's greed of gain, one great need was implanted in her by nature—that of companionship. It might be, that until this moment she never knew the full extent of her love for Thomas Kage: we rarely do find the true value of a thing until we lose it. He was lost to her forever. The money for which she had sold herself was here but it had deprived her of Thomas Kage. In that moment it seemed that the beautiful things in the room, the Rock itself, the fine lands she looked out upon, had all grown hateful to her. One balm amidst it alone remained, and that was her little boy; her love for him approached idolatry.

When she and Mr. Kage had met at breakfast, the morning after that painful and decisive interview took place, no allusion to it was made by either of them. Caroline chose to have the child at the breakfast-table, perhaps as a break to what might otherwise have been an embarrassing meal. But Mr. Kage, for his part, seemed to retain no remembrance of it; he was calm, kind, self-contained in manner as usual; ready of speech, talking of indifferent things, and still very solicitous for her comfort and welfare. They spoke of business matters before his departure; his closed executorship, and the future of the child, to whom he was trustee. And this morning Caroline had received a letter from him, which must have been written, she thought, on his journey to town. It concluded as follows:

"Your life at the Rock must indeed be very lonely. When you alluded to it this morning, I felt the fact just as forcibly as you. I had thought your mother lived with you. You do not please to have her, you say; but is there no one else that you could have? I do not like to suggest one of the Miss Canterburys, say Millicent; but she would be very suitable, and you used to be the best of friends and companions. Think of it, Caroline. If not one of them, take some other lady: and a desirable inmate would not be difficult to find.

"Meanwhile, I beg you to remember what I said to you in regard to Barnaby Dawkes. Dismiss him at once from intimacy, and gradually drop his acquaintance altogether. I should not bid you do this, Caroline, without good and sufficient reason.

"One thing more. If you are ever in need of advice, or counsel, or aid of any sort, send for me. Whatever my engagements may be, I will not fail to come to you without delay.

"Give my love to my little namesake, Thomas. Train him well—oh, Caroline, train him well in the best sense of the word: you will find all comfort in doing it. And believe me ever to be your faithful friend and affectionate cousin,

"THOMAS C. C. KAGE."

This note lay in Mrs. Canterbury's bosom, now as she sat. She was in a very humble frame of mind, and counted the friendship of such a man as something.

But it was a great deal easier to say, Dismiss Barnaby Dawkes at once from intimacy, than it might be to do it. Besides, Caroline could not quite see the urgent necessity for this step. He was little Tom's friend and playmate—there they were now, playing on the lawn—and what harm could it be? So that portion of the letter, and it was the only one calling for prompt action, she disregarded.

"Mamma, there's the carriage at the door," said the little fellow, running in, with his imperfect speech.

Mrs. Canterbury took him on her knee, kissing him passionately. Beyond this child, she had nothing in life to satisfy the longing of an aching heart; and hers was so young still! The many years to come looked long and dreary enough when she cast a thought to them.

"Be a good boy, my darling. Mamma must go."

Her maid appeared with a cloak, and Mrs. Canterbury rose. Captain Dawkes, coming in through the open window, took the mantle and asked leave to place it on her shoulders. Then he offered his arm to conduct her to the carriage, and assisted her in. It was all done in a quiet, almost deprecating, kind of way; neither Mrs. Canterbury nor anybody else could have taken alarm at it. The last sight that met her view, as she drove away, was her boy kissing his hand to her from Captain Dawkes's shoulder.

Within a week of this time, Captain Dawkes left Chilling for London, to hold his interview with Mrs. Garston—as was before related. On the third day he was back again. Mrs. Canterbury was genuinely pleased to see him; the little boy had felt sadly dull, and in truth so had she. She had no love for Captain Dawkes, but she liked him; and such was the monotony of her life, that he, their daily visitor, had been sensibly missed. He told Mrs. Canterbury that he had made it all right with that old aunt of his, and that she had placed his succession to her fortune beyond doubt.

The autumn days went on, and with them Mrs. Canterbury's sense of isolation. When the first sting of Thomas Kage's rejection had in a degree worn away, she grew to resent it, and her mind filled itself with bitter feelings towards him. She began to contrast his heartless rejection of her with Captain Dawkes's unobtrusive homage. Oh, but Barnaby Dawkes was playing his cards well! And the stakes were high.

Mrs. Kage, looking on with sharpened eyes, took alarm. The Captain's visits to the Rock grew, in her mind, more suspicious. One evening, going there to dinner at dusk, she saw Caroline on his arm, pacing the dim walks; and the two seemed to be talking confidentially. Mrs. Kage made her way to a private room, and sent a mandate for her daughter. Caroline received the reproaches coolly.

"There's not the slightest cause for this, mamma. Even if I were going to marry Captain Dawkes, as you seem to insist upon it that I must be, what should you have to urge against it?"

Mrs. Kage was in too great a passion to say what. She broke her choicest smelling-bottle.

"Captain Dawkes is a gentleman, mamma. Looking after my money? Oh, dear no; he has no need to look after it, he will have plenty of his own. All Mrs. Garston's will be his, you know."

"That's just what I don't know," shrieked Mrs. Kage. "And if I did, I don't like the man, Caroline. I'm sure there's something or other against him. What has he been staying at Chilling for, all this while, I'd like to know? He's playing a part, that's what he is; and his pretended love for little Tom is all put on—it's as false as he. Oh,

my poor nerves! why do you excite me, Caroline?"

Caroline only laughed in answer, and said that dinner was waiting. Mrs. Kage liked her dinner very much, and did not keep it waiting long.

But, to Mrs. Canterbury's intense surprise, she heard the next day that her mother and her mother's maid, Fry, had gone to London. Captain Dawkes held his breath when *he* heard it, and asked what they had gone for. Oh, just a whim, she supposed, was Caroline's careless answer; and after that she thought no more about it.

Mrs. Kage, more energetic than was her usual custom, had taken a sudden resolution to clear up the mystery that, in her opinion, surrounded Captain Dawkes. She and that gentleman owned to a kind of subtle instinct against each other; and it would not be too much to say that she had hated him since the day he was bold enough to insinuate that her delicate complexion did not owe its lovely tints to nature. For the rude man to aspire to Caroline and her wealth, was worse than gall and wormwood to Mrs. Kage; and she determined to go and learn a little about him from Mrs. Garston. To whose house she proceeded amidst a dense November fog on the day subsequent to her arrival in London.

But, what with Mrs. Kage's mincing affectation, always in extreme flow in society, what with Mrs. Garston's deafness, always worse when under any surprise, the interview was a little complicated. Compliments over—which Mrs. Kage entered upon and Mrs. Garston received ungraciously, inwardly wondering, and very nearly asking, why so battered-looking an old creature, her head nodding incessantly, should have come out from her home—the visitor entered upon her business; explaining, rather frankly for her, the motive of her visit—that she feared Mrs. Garston's relative, Captain Dawkes, was casting covetous eyes on her daughter, with a view to marriage and to the grasping of her daughter's wealth. She prayed Mrs. Garston to feel for her, and candidly tell her *what* there was against Captain Dawkes—it was something bad, she felt sure—that she might "open Caroline's eyes to his machinations."

But now, between the mincing tone, and the frequent application to one or other of those auxiliaries to weak nerves, the scent-bottles, all that Mrs. Garston comprehended of this harangue was, that Barnaby Dawkes was going to be married.

"Oh," said she, "made up his mind at last, has he? He has taken his time over it. It's a good two months since he sat where you do, talking it over with me."

Mrs. Kage felt inclined to faint.

"Did you approve of it, then?"

"Did I *what?*" asked Mrs. Garston.

"Uphold him in his crafty scheme? I'd never have believed it!"

Had Mrs. Garston caught the word crafty, her answer might have been explosive. It was only hard.

"Barnaby Dawkes told me he wanted to marry. Keziah as good as told me; promising he would then be as steady as Old Time. I neither said to him 'do' nor 'don't;' but I told him, if he did marry the girl, he might look to me for an income."

"Dear me! Do you think it right to play with a lady's name in that free way?" demanded Mrs. Kage, gently touching her nose with essence of lavender.

"Right!" retorted Mrs. Garston; "the girl's dying for him."

Mrs. Kage's head nodded ominously.

"Well, I'm sure! How dare you say such a thing of my daughter?"

"Say it of *whom?*"

"My daughter, Mrs. Canterbury. Deaf old model!" added the honorable lady for her own special benefit.

"Who did say it of your daughter?" retorted Mrs. Garston, bringing down her stick with such force that the visitor leaped upwards. "It was of Belle Annesley!"

Mrs. Kage thought they must be at cross-purposes, and blamed the deafness.

"I don't think you understand, ma'am."

"I don't think *you* do!" was Mrs. Garston's irascible answer. "It's Belle Annesley that Barby Dawkes is going to marry, if he marries at all. He has been courting her for these two or three years past."

Bit by bit, it all came out; at least the version of it that lay in the old lady's mind. They wanted, she was told, to get married; and she had smoothed the way by promising to settle on them seven hundred a-year, which, with Belle's three hundred when her mother died—and that might not be long first—would make their income a thousand. The relief to Mrs. Kage was something better than perfume. She opened her fan, and gently wafted a little cool air to her heated face. As she was doing this, a question arose to her, and she put it openly: "Why, if Captain Dawkes were going to marry Belle Annesley, should he remain so long at Chilling?"

Mrs. Garston was at no fault for an answer; the reason, to her mind, was clear enough.

"I said I'd pay his debts on the wedding-day; but I expect my gentleman has such a peck of them, that he is trying to make an arrangement with his creditors to take less than their due, because he is ashamed of letting me know the extent of the whole."

"Oh, Captain Dawkes has debts, then!" said Mrs. Kage.

"Bushels of 'em; he never was without debts, and he never will be, that's more. The money I settle will be settled upon *her* and her children. I'd not trust it to his mercy."

"He tells society at Chilling that he is to be your sole heir."

"Does he! 'Society' needn't believe him."

"Will he be?"

"My heir!" and down came the stick with a flutter. "No, he never will! I'd not make Barby Dawkes my heir to save him from hanging. If he marries Belle, he gets what I told you; otherwise, he'll never have more from me than will keep him on bacon and eggs in lodgings. Barby knows all this just as well as I do. I went into it with him when he was last here."

"I think he must be—if you'll excuse my saying it—rather given to tell boasting falsehoods," spoke Mrs. Kage.

Out it all came. Thus set off on the score of Barby's boastings and doings, Mrs. Garston told all the ill she knew of him: his fast living, and his many accumulations of debt; his meannesses, and deludings of his creditors; his startings afresh on his legs, through her, and his speedy toppings-down again. Mrs. Kage placidly folded her hands as she listened, and hoped Miss Belle Annesley would get "a bargain." Any lady was welcome to him, provided it was not her own daughter; and in her intense selfishness she would not have lifted a finger to save Belle Annesley from him.

THE SWITZER'S HOME.

The above engraving presents a fine view of the picturesque and romantic features of the land of Tell—the glorious Alpine land.

"It's the best thing he can do; they'll get along on a thousand a-year; very—ah—generous of you, I'm sure! I suppose he is—ah—attached to her."

"If he's not, he ought to be," snapped Mrs. Garston. "He made enough love to her, they say; and she has been pining out her heart for him, silly child!"

"Vastly silly," assented Mrs. Kage, surreptitiously flinging some pungent drops on the carpet.

"Barby seemed to be doubtful about the marriage when we were having matters out together, and said he must take time to consider—afraid of his mass of debts, I suppose; I'll answer for it, some of them are not of too reputable a nature. He soon made up his mind, though; for he went straight from me that night to Belle Annesley, and Dickey Dunn's wife found them there love-making. Every mortal day since have I been expecting him here to claim my promise, and get money-matters put in train for the marriage; and I know by the delay he is in some deep mess that it's not so easy to get out of."

"No doubt," murmured Mrs. Kage. "And he has found the Rock good quarters to dine at while he's doing it. Won't Caroline listen when I open the budget!"

"He will contrive it, though: he is crafty and keen," pursued Mrs. Garston," not having caught a syllable of the intervening words. "I shouldn't wonder but they'll be married now before Christmas. I told Belle so when she was here two or three days ago; it made her blush like a robin. She confessed to have had a letter from him that very morning."

Perhaps no diplomatist ever went away from an interview more completely satisfied than Mrs. Kage from hers. Her fears in regard to the gallant Captain and Caroline were laid to rest. She purposed returning to Chilling on the morrow and carrying her budget with her, making herself comfortable meanwhile at her hotel.

But now, whether it was that the journey up had been too much for her strength, or that the London fog had struck to her, Mrs. Kage, on the evening of this same day, found herself feeling ill. The following morning she seemed very ill; and Fry, her maid, called in a doctor. That functionary decided that she had taken a severe cold, and said she must not attempt to quit her bedroom, or to travel for at least a week. Lying at rest, and being petted with nice invalid dishes—game and jelly, and such-like good things, and plenty of mulled wine—was rather agreeable than not to Mrs. Kage. The week passed pleasantly enough, in spite of its solitude. She sent to ask Sarah Annesley, that was, to come and see her; but learnt that Richard Dunn and his wife were staying at Brighton.

At the week's end Mrs. Kage went home. Fry wanted her to break the journey by sleeping on the road, but Mrs. Kage did not like strange inns, and pushed on. She got home at nine at night, too much done up for anything but bed.

Breakfast was taken to her in the morning. Poor wan old thing she looked in her nightcap, sitting up to eat it! Without her face embellishments, she did not like to be stared at, even by Fry; and she sharply told the maid to come back for the tray when she should have finished. Between the intervals of her going and returning, Fry chanced to hear a piece of news; and when she went in again it was with a face as white as her mistress's, though not so haggard.

Report ran that Mrs. Canterbury had gone out of the Rock on her way to church, to be married to Captain Dawkes.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mrs. Kage, too much startled to realize the words, and looking up in a helpless manner.

"I think it's true, ma'am," said Fry. "The sexton's boy is telling them downstairs."

How Mrs. Kage was rushed into her clothes, and her bonnet put on, and her face made passable, and got down to the church in the space of a few minutes, Fry says she shall never know to her dying day. The news was true, and Mrs. Kage was not in time.

Very, very true, Captain Dawkes, taking alarm no doubt at the mother's sudden journey to London, had made good play with Mrs. Canterbury, and persuaded her to a quick and quiet marriage. That the sore feeling induced by the rejection of Thomas Kage urged her on in fatal blindness, was, no doubt, the secret of her acceding. But that was known only to herself, and is of little moment to us. The unhappy step was taken, and already past redemption.

The ceremony had just concluded, and the bride and bridegroom, with Keziah for bridesmaid, and a friend of Captain Dawkes's as groomsman, were quitting the altar for the vestry. Caroline wore a quiet gray-silk dress and white bonnet; Keziah similar attire. Mrs. Kage, a variety of emotions giving her wings, flew into the vestry after them; Fry sitting down in a pew to wait.

That a scene of confusion ensued will readily be imagined. Noise, reproaches, tumult. Captain Dawkes and Keziah, their end attained, were cool and calm as unbroken ice; but for the clergyman, Mr. Rufort's sub titute, they had politely, but forcibly conducted Mrs. Kage from the church again. The Rev. Mr. Jennings, a middle-aged, fresh-colored, capable man, stood by Mrs. Kage and protected her.

"I *will* speak," panted that lady; "I am her mother;" and Mr. Jennings told them decisively that the speaker ought to be heard. But perhaps he was not prepared for quite all she had to say.

Every accusation that Mrs. Garston had made on Barnaby Dawkes, every disparaging epithet she had applied to him, Mrs. Kage repeated; affirming that it was as true as gospel. She was really agitated, and for once in her life affectation was thrown aside, as she demanded whether the ceremony could not be unsaid. Caroline, between fright and emotion, burst into tears.

"You have cause to cry, child, Heaven knows. He has been hiding down here all this while from his creditors; he is engaged to that sweet girl, who is breaking her heart for him; they were to have been married before Christmas. Oh, Caroline, it is not you he wants, but your money, to help him out of his debts! He has millions of them. Deny it if you dare!" she added, with a shriek, stamping at Barby.

And, with that shriek, Mrs. Kage broke down. She sank on a chair, white and cold; the exertion had been rather too much for the worn-out frame. Nobody saw anything was amiss; it was only supposed she had no more to say.

Caroline, utterly bewildered, doubting, sick, not knowing what to believe or disbelieve, looked at her new husband. It had not been Barnaby Dawkes if he had failed in his powers of rhetoric now. With a smile of calm contempt at the mass of words and of sweetness for Caroline, he put her hand within his arm, and spoke a few low, earnest syllables of reassurance. He turned to the clergyman, and quietly declared the whole thing a mistake; a tissue of misrepresentations from beginning to end—as the future would prove. And such was his cool self-asserting manner, that the clergyman yielded belief to it as well as the young wife.

"These stories have been concocted by Mrs. Garston," spoke Keziah, boldly. "She was bitterly against my brother's marrying, and hoped to stop it. The poor ancient lady is in her dotage."

With a sob of relief, Caroline looked at her husband as he led her down the aisle of the church. She implicitly believed in him, and a smile rose to her face to chase away the tears. Fry stood up as they passed her, and curtsied. The groomsman led out Keziah; the clergyman followed slowly at a distance, his surplice on still.

It was not in Fry's nature to stay behind. The bride and bridegroom were going away from the church-door direct on their wedding-tour; the carriage had post-horses to it, an imperial was on it, a man and maid-servant behind. Captain Dawkes handed in his bride, and they set off at a canter. Keziah, who would be going back to London in the course of the day, started on foot for her brother's cottage to change her attire, the groomsman by her side.

"But where's my mistress?" exclaimed Fry, turning round when she had sufficiently feasted her eyes, and could see only the back of the carriage fading away in the distance.

"She is in the vestry," said Mr. Jennings. "I held out my arm to her, but she would not notice it. It is a sad pity, Fry, she should be put about like this by the marriage."

"It has come upon her so sudden, you see, sir, for one thing," was Fry's answer.

"So it seems. When Captain Dawkes came to me last night about the arrangements—and that was the first intimation I had of it—I'm sure I thought he said Mrs. Kage was privy to it. My mistake, I suppose."

Fry hastened on to the vestry. Mr. Jennings, returning more leisurely, and unbuttoning his surplice as he walked, was surprised to see her dart out again, livid with fright.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, please come and see! My mistress is fallen sideways, with the most dreadful face you ever saw."

The Reverend Mr. Jennings made but one step to the vestry. Mrs. Kage had been seized with paralysis.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAST WORDS.

Let the sweet air receive my dying moan,
Now that the setting sun inspires its breath;
And though the white moon find thee, love, alone,
Remember where my spirit wandereth:
Yield me to Death.

Look not upon the shadow at thy feet,
The blighted, fretted witness of my woe;
Turn from it, and forget the struggling beat
Of the worn heart that thou hast loved so.
Oh, let me go!

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye,
When my last glance has fainted on thy brow;
Do not recall the quiver of the sigh,
Which from my parting agony must grow.
Oh, kiss me now!

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand
Till all is over; for I am afraid
To be quite lonely on that border-land
Whence earth is mist, and the Beyond a shade.
Oh, let me fade!

I know thee near, but cannot feel thy touch;
Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee.
Farewell! Remember that I loved much;
Pray for one gleam of light to set me free—
Oh free! oh free!

THE MAIDEN'S CHAMBER.

"A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."—*Hood.*

In this age of uniformity, when all distinctive peculiarities in the fashion of existence are rapidly disappearing in every class of life, it is rare to see a room bearing so unmistakably the *cachet* of originality as the sitting-room at Charlton Bishop.

This sitting-room was not the drawing-room; *that* was a chill apartment with drab silk curtains, and a faded carpet, and stiff old-fashioned furniture in spectral brown-holland covers, only used on state occasions, and for the reception of such morning callers as were not on sufficiently intimate terms with the Charlton Bishop family to be at once ushered into the bright and cheerful hall.

This hall occupied the centre of the house. It had a carved oaken roof, and three deep windows, whence you might look far across the valley to the blue line of hills that bounded the horizon. A high oaken screen, quaintly carved at the top, cut off that small portion of it which served as an entrance-hall, and into which the principal door of the house opened; and there was a door of communication in the screen, which was protected from draughts by a heavy crimson curtain. Within was a huge open fire-place with a wood fire burning on the hearth, and oaken settles in the chimney corner, such as may be seen in old-fashioned cottages and farm-houses; and this end of the room was covered with a Turkey carpet, beyond which shone the dark brightness of the polished floor. Then there was a carved oak table, an ancient chest, oak book-cases between the windows, and some half dozen high-backed chairs, all in keeping with the character of the apartment; and besides these, no lack of such modern incongruities as were needful to make the place comfortable; such as a huge sofa rich in cushions, cosy arm-chairs of various shapes and sizes, a piano, and a harp, and plenty of little occasional tables that could be easily moved about. A step in the flooring raised the upper end of the apartment opposite the oaken screen into a sort of dais, which was lighted by an oriel window, looking out on a smooth old-fashioned bowling green. This retreat was partly carpeted with Indian matting, and provided with low brightly cushioned seats, and in the summer it was a very favorite resort.

In the winter it was deserted; the centre of it was occupied by a stand of graceful feathery ferns, and Mrs. Elphinstone, and the bright young party that she loved to gather about her, were generally to be found assembled round the hearth.

Mrs. Elphinstone had the fairest complexion possible; and though past fifty, a faint trace of the bloom that had once been so pretty, still lingered in her delicate cheek. Her teeth were faultlessly white and even; and her hair, which was exquisitely soft and fine, was perfectly white. Notwithstanding this, she looked much younger than her true age, of which, however, she made no secret; and she dressed after the fashion of the celebrated Frenchwoman, of whom it used to be said, that, while other women too often dress *comme hier*, she only was accustomed to dress *comme le lendemain*.

Ah, how well that sober-hued attire became her! What a picture she looked one winter evening that I remember, sitting with the glow of the fire-light on her dress and person, wearing her favorite lavender silk, and the white Shetland shawl of gossamer-like texture, that she loved to put on whenever the weather chanced to be colder than usual.

It was bed-time. The party had broken up from their occupations and amusements, and had gathered round the fire to say good-night. Sheets of music still lay about on the open piano, and a card-table, with chairs just pushed back from it, upon which cards and counters were scattered in much confusion, betokened the recent close of that noisy delight of young people at Christmas time, a round game. The third volume of a popular novel, and one or two newspapers, lying on the table near the hearth, and a pretty work-basket, with a bit of elegant fancy needlework peeping out of it, suggested the idea of quieter occupations for the elders of the party.

Everybody knows how often the sociability of a whole party makes, as it were, a fresh start, and begins over again in the moment of leave-taking.

It was so on that occasion. We all lingered round the fire, as though no one had the least intention of going to bed for hours; and, somehow or other, a discussion arose concerning the novel, which Mr. Elphinstone had been devouring all the evening, and in which the interest turned upon the supernatural.

This, of course, led to the telling of the usual number of stories of inexplicable visitations, ghosts, mesmerists, strange dreams, and haunted houses.

Almost every one has some tale of the kind to tell. Mr. Elphinstone had an inexhaustible repertory of such, and so we sat round the fire listening and talking, whilst the candles began to burn low, and the hands of the clock travelled on towards midnight.

I don't think Mrs. Elphinstone quite liked the turn that the conversation had taken. "My dear, you are making our young ladies look quite pale," she said once or twice. Whereupon some of the young ladies laughed, and eagerly disclaimed being at all nervous, and one ventured to relate a story of a curious dream that had happened to an aunt of her own; and then a young gentleman, a nephew of Mr. Elphinstone, who was lounging on the settle in the chimney-corner, (a seat interdicted, by a stringent domestic ordinance of Mrs. Elphinstone's, to any one who wore a muslin dress,) reared himself up, and followed suit with a truly horrible tale, for which he was indebted to Edgar Poe, and which never missed its effect in awakening a creeping sensation of horror when related to his companions in the dormitories of one of our public schools.

But Mrs. Elphinstone cut him short just before his story reached its climax.

"Oh, I know that story," she interrupted, "and I beg your pardon, Charlie, but you *shall* not tell it. No one will sleep to-night if you do."

Charlie desisted with a rueful laugh. "But nobody is asked to believe it, aunt," he said.

And, "Oh *do* let us hear the end, we *sha'n't* be frightened, *dear* Mrs. Elphinstone," said a tiresome, *mal-a-propos* young person, who was very friendless, and very foolishly brought up, and whom therefore Mrs. Elphinstone invited often to her house, though she tried her patience as frequently as she came.

"Not to-night," said Mrs. Elphinstone decidedly, "you have had quite horrors

enough for one evening. And yet," she continued, after a moment's hesitation, "although I do not at all approve of frightening young people the last thing before they go to bed, I don't know that I am not half inclined to take a turn in telling stories myself."

Need I say that Charlie's unfinished tale was forgotten, and Mrs. Elphinstone was importuned by everybody for hers?

"It is not much of a story that I have to relate," she said, "but it has at least the merit of not being second-hand. I am going to tell you of something that once happened to myself—ay, and in this very house."

She paused. "This *is* interesting," said a young barrister, who occupied the opposite settle to Charlie, with the slightest possible touch of sarcasm in his voice; "is there a haunted room, then, in the house? and have you really seen the ghost? I envy you."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed," Mrs. Elphinstone replied. "I cannot exactly say that I have ever *really seen a ghost*. But sight is only one of the five senses; and I am not going beyond the truth in affirming that I once had, in this very house, what I think I have the right to call an extremely ghostly experience."

It was many years ago, in old Squire Howard's life-time, when I was a young girl leaving school, that I came with my dear old Aunt Melissa to spend a fortnight at Charlton Bishop.

Madam Howard, as many people besides the villagers used to call the Squire's lady, was an old school-fellow of Aunt Melissa's, and their early friendship had never cooled. In this age, when it is so much the fashion to turn everything into food for laughter, some people might consider it quite ridiculous to see two withered old women kiss one another, and sit fondly hand in hand, and call each other Lizzie and Millie, as they had never left off doing since the old girlish days ever so many years ago. To me, however, it never seemed ridiculous, but very touching. And dear Aunt Melissa did so enjoy her visits to her friend's home, and was so proud and pleased when they occurred during my holidays, and I was invited too, and had so early impressed upon me her own strong belief in the perfection of everything at Charlton Bishop, that it never once occurred to me to think those visits dull, though now that I look back, after so many years, I imagine that I must have found the quiet monotonous days we spent there rather long sometimes.

It was drawing towards the close of our stay, when one day the Squire was called away from home on some business. He was to sleep at a friend's house, and return on the following afternoon.

"So we shall have a nice cosy evening," said Aunt Melissa to me, with secret delight, for in the bottom of her heart she was always a little afraid of the Squire, though she had the greatest respect for him; and he was a very kind friend and adviser to her whenever she needed one.

Now to be nice and cosy often means, with some women, to break in upon the regular order of things, and to be, in fact, less comfortable than usual.

This was what it meant with Aunt Melissa and Madam Howard. They took advantage of the Squire's absence to wear their morning dresses and worst caps till bed-time, instead of dressing for dinner, to dine at one instead of at five, and to have what *they* called a comfortable tea by the fire-side at six, followed by wine and biscuits at ten.

After tea they fell to gossiping over old times, using me as a listener to whom to tell the tales that were too well known to both to attempt to tell them to one another. From gossip there was but a short transition to ghost stories. The wind was wailing and sighing round the house in so weird and fanciful a manner that it actually seemed to me to introduce the subject.

"Any one lying awake at night, alone in the dark, might be tempted to fancy the house was haunted," said Aunt Melissa.

"So they might," said Madam Howard. "Do you remember, Millie, that curious story of the disturbances at the Red House when we were young? There was said to be a room—" &c.

The deed was done. One story capped another. And each was more alarming than the last.

At first they rather amused me. Often have those two dear innocent old ladies made my blood run cold by discussing, with untiring interest, every sanguinary and barbarous murder that had horrified the public for half a century at least. I thought ghosts, if I may use your modern word, the less *sensational* topic of the two; and I thought to myself, with some satisfaction, how lucky it was that I was not superstitious.

Nevertheless, after a time the moaning and sighing of the wind, the impressive half-whispered tones of my companions, the partly illumined gloom of the apartment, only lighted by two candles near the fire, began to have their effect upon me, and to produce a peculiar fluttering of the nerves, and involuntary sinking of the heart, which I dare say is not unknown to some of my hearers. I struggled against it. I tried to feel indifferent and philosophical, but in vain. I was but seventeen; there was the long lonely night to be got through, *and* I had to sleep by myself in the Maiden's Chamber!

"How pale the child looks!" said Madam Howard, suddenly catching sight of my white cheeks. "Melissa, my dear, I am afraid we have been frightening her." (Here she laughed heartily.) "I tell you what, she shall have something hot before she goes to bed."

I protested in vain that I was not a child, and therefore, of course, not at all frightened, and that I couldn't and wouldn't have anything hot before I went to bed.

"You *must* drink it, my dear, if I mix it for you," said Madam Howard; "and we will have some too. It will do nobody any harm."

Off trotted the despotic old lady, with an alacrity that proved *her* nerves to be in perfect order, into the deserted kitchen, to hunt for a lemon, and a saucepan, and some sugar. A tray with wine and biscuits had already been brought in by the butler at ten o'clock, but it was now more than an hour later, and the servants had all been allowed to go to bed. It was amusing enough to see the bustle with which Madam Howard and dear Aunt Melissa carried on their little preparations, and the excitement there was about making up the fire, and getting the water to boil, and settling the exact quantity of each ingredient that was to go into the saucepan.

All this little commotion was a good thing for me too, for it thoroughly diverted my thoughts from the former topic of conversation; and though, with all the obstinacy that I could muster, I had resolved that I would not be dosed with hot wine and water, I think on the whole it was *not* a bad thing for me that I was obliged to yield, and drink the tumbler of negus hot and sweet as sugar could make it, but by no means strong enough to get into *anybody's* head, that Madam Howard administered to me.

The wind still howled and whistled round the house, the boughs of the old trees in the avenue creaked and groaned, and the rain beat against the windows, but the weird influences of the last hour were passed. We went up-stairs laughing and talking, and exchanged cheerful good-nights on the first landing, whence I had to mount a story higher, to my solitary bed in the Maiden's Chamber.

The best apartment on the second bedroom floor had been known by that name from time immemorial. Madam Howard, who loved to keep up old customs, had preserved the antique fashion of the room unaltered, and had made it her daughter's bedchamber, until Miss Howard married. After that it was generally appropriated to the use of any young lady who happened to be staying in the house; and so it chanced that it had been allotted to me, in preference to any room on the lower floor.

It was a large apartment, with an oriel window at one end. Modern luxury had not yet invaded Charlton Bishop, and the furniture, though solid and handsome, was primitive in its simplicity. There was a strip of carpet by the bed-side and a mat in the window, but everywhere else the boards were bare, though the walls were hung with handsome tapestry. The bed was very large, and curiously carved, and there were a few chairs of the same date; but the rest of the furniture was modern, and was limited to what was absolutely needful. There was literally nothing in the way of ornament and superfluity.

One peculiarity remains to be noticed. Concealed behind the tapestry near the head of the bed was a door, which gave access to a secret apartment—an apartment which had actually been used in troublous times for the concealment of fugitives and refugees.

No associations calculated to raise an involuntary feeling of uneasiness were connected either with the secret apartment or with the Maiden's Chamber itself. It is true that the room had a history, but it was one which ought rather to have inspired a girl's heart with a wish to rise superior to idle fears. Once a proscribed Royalist had been hidden in the secret apartment, and a party of Puritan soldiers had been quartered for more than a week at Charlton Bishop, in hopes of discovering the old Cavalier's place of concealment, which was strongly suspected to be in or near his ancestral home. Detecting or fancying that he detected something more than maiden modesty in the slight reluctance betrayed by the fugitive's young daughter to have her own apartment searched by the soldiers, the ungallant officer in command of the party insisted on occupying that room himself, giving out at the same time that he was a dangerous person to deal with, as he always slept with loaded pistols by him, and would fire on any one who entered his room at night.

This did not deter Cecil Howard. She behaved with wily courtesy to her unwelcome guests, and set before them the best that the house had to offer. But on the second night, after they had drunk enough to make them lay aside some of their vigilance and suspicion, she drugged their wine; and stepping over the man that lay in drunken slumbers across the door of the Maiden's Chamber, she entered, released her father, and conveyed him out of the house by a rope-ladder fastened to the oriel window. At the park gate a horse waited for him, and before morning he was many miles on his way to a place of safety.

This was the story of Cecil Howard—a story that I was very fond of—a story for whose sake I always loved the Maiden's Chamber. And yet I was not quite reconciled to sleeping there! It was so large, so bare, so lonely. The family was so much too small for that great house, that wherever the inhabitants encamped, empty space seemed to rattle about them on every side. It is true that some servants slept on the same floor as I did, but they seemed to me to be a long way off; no one was lodged close at hand. If, as frequently happened, occasional slight noises broke the stillness, they did not proceed from human beings moving about, but from rats in the wainscot.

Shall I be thought a sad coward if I confess that, on that windy winter night, the ghost stories that I had heard rushed back into my mind the instant I was alone, and I felt so nervous that I was ready to take alarm at my own shadow?

The very first thing I did on entering my bed-room was to go straight to the door, which had long ago replaced the sliding panel that once communicated with the secret apartment. I had a silly fancy that I must make sure that that room was really empty. Here I was disappointed; the door was locked, and the key had been taken away. I had to content myself with looking under the bed, and behind the arras, and into the cupboard where I kept my dresses; and having assured my reason that no alarming object lurked in any of these hiding-places, I seriously set myself to combat my foolish terrors, and to suppress all the little thrills, and starts, and inclinations to turn round and look behind me, that were almost uncontrollable. Quite ashamed of my own weakness, I prepared myself for my bed, and finally said my prayers, put out the light, and lay down, deriving very small consolation from the little victory over self that I obtained by putting out the candle at the dressing-table, as usual, instead of yielding to the strong desire I felt to bring it close to the bed, and get safely between the sheets before I extinguished it.

Nevertheless, I was young and in perfect health, and neither the noise of the wind nor my fears could keep me awake. I was soon sleeping as soundly and peacefully as if I were still at school, with some half dozen companions around me.

How long my slumbers lasted I know not. I only know that somehow or other I found myself suddenly awake, in perfect darkness, in the middle of the night, with a strong but indefinite impression that something or somebody had waked me!

I lay quite still and listened, and in a second or two I *felt*, rather than *heard*, that there *was* something in the room! Something that moved with stealthy noiseless footsteps; something of whose presence I was instinctively conscious, and which, I felt convinced, was irregularly but certainly feeling its way to my bed!

I moved neither hand nor foot, and held my very breath for fear. To slip out of bed, to hide underneath it, or behind the curtains, never once occurred to me as possible. I could only lie as if paralyzed, and listen with every nerve of my body.

The stealthy footsteps found their way to my bed at last. I heard them coming. I could see nothing, on account of the position in which I lay, without moving—and my one instinct was to lie motionless.

What could it be? Had it come in by the door, or had it slipped into the room from the secret chamber? I had left my room door unlocked from pure timidity, because I did not like to shut myself in alone, in case I should be frightened. I was frightened now, so terribly frightened that I had no power to cry out.

The stealthy footsteps found their way, as I have said, to my bed-side, and presently I was aware of a stealthy hand that passed over my bed-clothes until it came to me. How thankful I felt that my face was hidden! The ghostly hand passed along my shoulder, and down my back; it seemed to measure my exact position in my bed, and then— Suddenly, in the midst of my alarm, I felt that the stealthy footsteps were moving away again across the room, and I heard the door close very gently indeed.

In my agony of terror it seemed to me that an unmeasurable time had passed since I awoke. As the door closed I gasped and panted with relief and thankfulness; I found my brow was quite damp, and I wiped it with my handkerchief, and then, eager for a complete change of position, I migrated to the opposite side of the huge bed in which I was sleeping, and lay flat on my back, with my eyes wide open, watching the darkness and straining my ears to listen. It so happened that I did not possess the means of striking a light, and I dared not rise in the dark and call for help. How could I venture into the haunted passage into which my ghostly visitor had vanished? I trembled too much even to get up and cross the room to lock the door. And Aunt Melissa was sleeping such a long way off, down on the lower floor! I did not even feel sure that it would be of any use to scream. It was doubtful whether anybody would hear me. There remained the last desperate resource of ringing the bell. But only consider, my young friends, what a desperate resource that was! Imagine to yourselves the consequences of setting a bell ringing in a strange house loud enough to wake people in the dead of night; the rush to one's room; the alarmed inquiries as to what could be the matter; the polite incredulity with which one's story would be received; or else the suppressed displeasure at one's folly in not summoning assistance earlier. For, certainly, the time to ring the bell was the time when I first was frightened; but the bell was near the fire-place, and far from the bed, and therefore quite out of my reach.

I could not face such a disturbance as that. I preferred to lie awake in a deadly fright, with my heart leaping into my throat whenever my fancy conjured up the slightest sound.

Before I had had time to get calm, to reason with myself, and to summon up a strong endeavor to be courageous and sensible, I was once more plunged into a fresh access of terror.

Once more I distinctly heard soft stealthy footsteps, first outside the door, then entering the room, then, as before, approaching the bed.

Once more my heart seemed to stand still for terror; once more I lay as if paralysed with fear. But frightened as I was, I was yet not quite so frightened as the first time. My faculties were more awake and observant, and I began to consider what I had better do.

Meanwhile the steps drew nearer. They reached the side of the bed where I had lain before. I fancied that my sharpened sense of hearing detected the stretching out of the ghostly hands to feel for me.

I was little prepared for the new horror that came upon me next. The terrible something, which had hitherto only revealed itself to me as having hands and feet, now clambered up upon the bed, still stealthily, still as softly as possible. It crept along, outside the bed-clothes, towards me. It stopped. It seemed to be crouching down close to me. I felt breath upon my cheek. I felt a face touch my face. Out of the very desperation of my terror a momentary strength and courage came to me. I threw out my arms, and raising myself suddenly, pushed backwards the "thing" that was leaning over me, and then shriek after shriek for help broke from my lips, and I fainted—

It was very foolish. I feel ashamed of myself to this day whenever I think of it!

When I came to myself, the room was full of light. Madam Howard was bending over me, holding some pungent essence under my nose; Madam Howard's confidential servant Betsy was close at hand, looking as grimly respectable in her night-gown with a shawl thrown over it, as in her ordinary starched cap and black stuff gown; and Aunt Melissa, poor dear Aunt Millie, stood behind them, looking at me in a most rueful, penitent, and supplicating manner.

"It was my fault," said the poor old darling, "dear, dear, dear, dear, I *am* so sorry."

Poor Aunt Millie! All this disturbance had indeed been her doing! Made somewhat uncomfortable, like myself, by the evening's conversation about ghosts, and other supernatural annoyances, she had dreamed badly. Now the great anxiety and interest of Aunt Millie's life was the care of me. I had been committed to her charge by my Anglo-Indian father ten years before, and since that time my dear aunt's cottage had been the only home I knew, and she had been a very mother to me.

It was not unnatural that when it happened to the affectionate old lady to dream badly, her bad dreams usually took the shape of some danger to me. That night she had dreamed that some one said to her, "Anne is gone, you will not see her any more;" and that going to my room she found my bed vacant. Twice she dreamed this, and twice she awoke weeping, and wretched, and tormented by an indefinite sensation of fear.

The second time she could bear it no longer. Rising in the dark, she crept in her "stocking-feet," to my room, to make sure, without waking me, that I was really in my bed. How she accomplished this has been already related; but why, it will be asked, did she return to my room a second time? This was the reason. On regaining her own apartment and lying down again, the uncomfortable feeling of dread and uncertainty returned to her. She remembered, with regret, that she had but ascertained that I was safe in my usual place of repose; she might easily, she thought, have turned back the sheet a little so as to kiss me, without rousing me. I seemed to be so very sound asleep, and it would be such a satisfaction to her!

After deliberating with herself for a little while, she made up her mind to seek my bed-side once more, and finding that I had changed my position since her last visit, she got up on my bed, in a little fit of fanciful alarm, to assure herself as speedily as possible that I was not far off, and was bending down to kiss me, when—oh dear, how ashamed of it I have felt since! she found herself suddenly tumbled backwards on the bed, and my piercing shrieks terrified her, I fear, far more than they relieved myself.

How angry Madam Howard was with us both in a benevolent and Christian fashion! It is true she called us openly, in Betsy's presence, a couple of fools, and "promised" me that girls were not so silly in her young days; that she kept on saying to poor Aunt Melissa that she did not know she was such an old goose; and that she sternly checked my inclination to be hysterical with such remarks as that she hoped I had given trouble enough for one night; but, at the same time, she did everything that a kind heart and sensible head could suggest for our benefit. I was quite ill with fright, trembling in every limb, and half suffocated by the violent beating of my heart; and Aunt Millie was thoroughly wretched, and cried helplessly whenever I turned sick and faint. Madam Howard insisted on her getting into my bed, and vigorously administered cordials and restoratives to us both. At last, seeing that I was doing my best to conquer agitation, and obey her orders to be quiet, and becoming aware that I was really ill, and needed care, she became quite tender to me, and hardly left my bed-side all the rest of the night.

The next day Aunt Melissa was pretty well, though I believe she would willingly have stayed in bed all day, to escape all the talk that she must encounter on the subject of the past night's adventure. I don't think either Madame Howard or the Squire spared her. The latter returned home in the course of the day, and Madam Howard enlivened the dinner-table with a grimly humorous account of "Millie's practical joke," as she chose to call it.

As to me, I was so ill as to be quite unable to leave Charlton Bishop, although the next day had been fixed for our return home. Madame Howard was obliged to ask us to stay another week, and indeed I felt the effects of the fright I had suffered for a much longer time. For months afterwards I was subject to uncontrollable nervous terror in the dark, so that I was always obliged to burn a light in my bed-room; and even then, for many a long day, I could not bear to sleep alone.

"I'm sure I don't wonder at it," said one of Mrs. Elphinstone's hearers; "I think *I* should have died of fright."

"You would have been still more foolish than I was, then," replied Mrs. Elphinstone, promptly. "My dear, I can't think how it is that people are always so much more ready to expect evil than good. Supposing one does hear or see anything a little unusual at night. Ten to one there is nothing the least extraordinary or alarming in it! The most improbable chance of all is that it should turn out to be a robber, or a ghost, or I know not what bed-room bogie, such as timid people are so fond of being afraid of. I was silly enough to burst out crying when Madam Howard called me a fool. Yes; I really was as silly as that, my dears. But I *was* a fool, notwithstanding. Any girl, brought up as I must do my friends the justice to say that I was, ought to have had sense enough to keep her wits about her, and trust in Providence; not lie quaking with fright, as useless a coward as any poor heathen African who knows of nothing stronger than witchcraft.

"My dears, I know some of you are very fond of poetry. Who was it I heard only yesterday quoting Tennyson with such enthusiasm? Now don't look shy about it. I was pleased to hear it. It is melancholy to see youth without enthusiasm; and if there is a fault that annoys me a little in the young people of the present day, it is that they are not quite as apt, as I think young people used to be, to be enthusiastic about anything. Well, well! I may be mistaken. It is a long time ago since I was young! Now I suppose I'm too old to make new friends, for I don't quite *take* to your modern poets; but, nevertheless, in my day, I dearly loved poetry, and some of the old favorite verses I learnt by heart are fresh in my memory now. Are any of you familiar with Comus, I wonder, which Milton wrote a century and a half before either you or I came into the world? There are some words of the Elder Brother's which lodge in my memory yet:—

'I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And that sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.'

There, my dears, there's a very different ideal of feminine courage for you! The 'single want of light and noise' *ought* not to throw any girl into such a state of apprehension, that if some little alarm does occur, her fears go out half way to meet the supposed danger, and all her power to think and act is paralyzed."

Mrs. Elphinstone delivered the foregoing little harangue in distinct energetic tones, until she came to the poetry, which she repeated in a lower and a softer voice. After she had ended there was a little silence. Of the young ladies present I doubt if there were one who was not sometimes liable to feel slightly nervous in the dark, and who did not habitually look *under* her bed, before getting *into* it, every night of her life. Perhaps they had some idea that the little lecture was meant for them, and digested it in silence; whilst it may be that the barrister and the school-boy, and the other gentlemen who formed part of our hostess's audience, thought that it was ridiculous to use so serious a tone in speaking of such idle terrors as those she alluded to.

The foolish young person that I have mentioned once before was the first who ventured to speak.

"Oh, how beautifully you relate, dearest Mrs. Elphinstone. What a privilege it is to hear you tell a story! But isn't there any more? Is that quite, quite the end?"

Mrs. Elphinstone made a little movement of impatience as this foolish young person concluded with a shake of her crisp, ultra-fashionably arranged head of hair, and that sort of social grin practised by people who cannot smile. "I suppose so," she said. But even as she spoke, a real, sweet, sudden, radiant smile fleeted across her face, and she stole a furtive glance across the fire-place to her delicate invalid husband.

"No, it is not quite the end," said he, taking up the word, and returning her smile. "It so happened that there was one Rupert Elphinstone, a nephew of old Squire Howard's, a young fellow who had often wondered that, much as he could not help hearing of the beauty and pleasantness of a certain young girl, the niece of his aunt's old school-fellow, he had never had the luck to find her at Charlton Bishop when he came there, since she was a fascinating little thing of twelve, whom he remembered with quantities of fair hair that was always coming down, delighting to be out of doors, and up to all kinds of fun and mischief. Why he was never allowed to meet her as she grew up, although he constantly heard (after they were over) of her visits with her aunt to Charlton Bishop, he could not imagine; but he never did. At last he heard that 'Millie's niece' had completed her education, and was to go out to India to her father in the spring. Of course, after that, he never expected to see her, and reflected, with some disappointment, that he would now never have the opportunity of seeing whether that child had grown up as pretty as she promised to be.

"Little did he think as he journeyed outside the coach towards Charlton Bishop, one bitter January afternoon, that he would find the old house enlivened by the presence, not of Miss Sefton, the heiress, nor of any of Admiral Manners's four daughters, the young ladies whom Madam Howard chiefly delighted to invite, and whose appearance, character, and bringing up she used to weary him with praising, but the identical fairy play-mate of five years before, grown up into a tall beautiful young lady."

"There, Rupert, that will do," interrupted Mrs. Elphinstone, with a slight accession of color. "And it really *is* late. Come, young people, to bed, to bed!"

She rose as she spoke, and everybody rose also; but Mr. Elphinstone, leaning on his stick, continued,

"Old Mrs. Howard was a match-maker if ever there was one, and she did not like to have her plans interfered with. But it is not a bit of good trying to keep people apart; they always meet somehow. Fate brought Anne and me together in spite of her, and under her very eyes. And—well, it *is* bed-time, and to cut a long story short I need only say, that Anne never did go out to India in the spring."

Mrs. Elphinstone lingered a moment before she led the way up-stairs. The happiness of her married life was proverbial. It used to be said that the Elphinstones' honeymoon had never ended; and she had reached the age when people dare to be a little sentimental when they choose.

"Well, well," she said, "if it had not been for the deadly terror I suffered that night in the Maiden's Chamber, which made me so ill that Madam Howard was *obliged* to ask me to stay a little longer at Charlton Bishop, I really do not see, though, by what possible chance my husband and I would ever have met. But, to be sure, if two people are intended for one another, it *is* of no use to try to keep them apart. Aunt Millie's old servant used to say, You'd marry him that's meant for you, Miss, if he was built up in a stone wall. Now, good-night, my dears: I wish I may live to see you, each and all, as happy in your married lives as I have been in mine."

M. E. P.

The Chinese.

All Chinese characters are monosyllable, indeclinable and "inconjugable." They are not capable of receiving those inflections which in Greek and Latin show at a glance the gender, case and number of nouns, the voice, tenses, moods, and persons of verbs. But, in spite of this absence of inflexions, the Chinese language is to a well-informed "sinologue" as clear and intelligible as those learned languages which abound in inflexions. If it were otherwise, how could the innumerable works which it has produced in every branch of literature for more than two thousand years have been read and reproduced from century to century since the first discovery of printing?

The Chinese began to print from woodcuts in 581 A. D. In the year 907—four hundred years before the discovery of printing in Europe—they introduced the use of stone for the same purpose; and in 1040 they invented moveable types. Again, how could it now, under its modern form, called *kwan-hoa*, or vulgar language, be spoken in China, Cochin-China, Japan, Siam, Corea, and even in Tibet, by a population of more than 450,000,000—that is to say, by half of the civilized world? How does a language, apparently so imperfect, answer, nevertheless, all purposes, and how has it enabled Chinese authors to treat in innumerable works of every scientific and literary subject that can interest the human mind? The answer is, that the inflexions of nouns and verbs, which give so much precision to the ancient languages, find their equivalents to a certain degree in the collocation of the Chinese characters, which, according to the position which they occupy in a sentence, and according to the words with which they are construed, can assume every possible grammatical value. The relative position of words determines their character, and imparts the requisite clearness both to the spoken and the written speech.

In the little village of Mattue, Austria, Schiller's "William Tell" was lately represented—the manager's son taking the part of Tell's Son. In the apple scene, the actor let go the arrow before taking good aim, and the child's eye was put out. He shrieked aloud, and fell in convulsions. The audience rushed upon the stage to wreak vengeance upon the manager for having ventured his son in such a place, but the poor man ran for his life. This incident impels the Paris Figaro to tell another story. Seven or eight centuries ago, in Norway, the religious play of "The Mystery of the Passion" was enacted before the king, Haquin. Just as one of the actors was about to nail Jesus to the cross, the king jumped upon the stage and killed the executioner. The people, furious that the play had been interrupted, precipitated themselves also upon the stage and killed their sovereign. And this is how the dynasty of Haquin became extinct.

☞ Wise men are puzzling themselves to account for the fresh water which comes up through an iron tube, sunk fifteen feet through the constantly shifting sands of Cape Cod, from fifteen to twenty feet from high water, and not more than three feet above it. The water in the tube rises and falls regularly with the tide, yet more than 100 barrels have been pumped from it at one time without finding the slightest trace of saline matter. It is of such fine quality that vessels supply themselves for a sea voyage from this well.

Children's Prayers.

Children's prayers—if they are indeed prayers—must be acceptable on earth as well as in heaven; and he must indeed be heartless, or worse, who would think slightingly of them, although, sooth to say, they are sometimes hard to bear. For example: A little girl, on having her hair smartly pulled by her little brother while saying her prayers, went on for a while, without turning her head, in the same low monotone, "and please God excuse me for a minute while I kick Neddy." Tell me that child was without understanding what is meant by prayer! or that she meant to abuse the privilege. No such thing—though to be sure she may have misunderstood some of its functions. Had she not been a believer she would have kicked Neddy at once, without asking leave—would she not?

A certain little sissy, being worried by a big brother till she was out of all patience, plumped down upon her knees, where she stood, and cried out, "O Lord! bless my brother Tom. He lies—he steals—he swears all boys do—we girls don't. Amen!" Was the poor thing a little pharisee in her indignation, without knowing it? or was she only—like most of us who are loudest in our outcries for the salvation of others—a little overburdened with self-righteousness?—*Neal's "Great Mysteries and Little Plagues."*

Cleaning the Teeth.

If a minute examination of the teeth be instituted, it will be found that the formation of each is on a most beautiful design, and strikingly adapted to the use for which Nature intended it. But the peculiar formation is of some importance as respects the proper mode of cleansing them. Being convex on the external side, the only effectual way of doing so is to brush perpendicularly, and not across; for by the latter mode only the most prominent parts would be acted upon, leaving both the sides and the interstices, containing the insidious, corrupting particles, untouched. But by brushing up and down, not violently, but yet with sufficient pressure to cause the hairs of the brush to penetrate and clear out the interstices, every impurity is searched out and expelled, or at least so much loosened as to be easily removed by the water, with which the mouth must be afterwards rinsed; and then, when the teeth are well rubbed, the cleansing process is effected.

The gums should be touched as little as possible, as *rinsing* the mouth will be sufficient to cleanse them, and care should be taken not in any case to rub so violently as to cause healthy gums to bleed.

☞ A Southern exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus want to be born again."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry. About 10,000 bbls sold at $5@5.25 for superfine; $5.25@5.50 for extra; $5.50@6.25 for North-West extra family; $6.50@6.75 for Pennsylvania extra family; $6@6.50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $6.75@8 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—200 bbls sold at $5.50@5.75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. About 20,000 bus of Western, Pennsylvania, and Delaware red sold at $1.20@1.25; 2000 bus of white at $1.50@1.55, and 1500 bus of choice Southern do at $1.60 ₩ bus. Rye—2300 bus sold at $1.05@1.10 bus for Western and Pennsylvania. Corn—18,000 bus of old yellow sold at $1.08@1.12; 20,000 bus of old Western mixed at $1.06@1.10 and 25,000 bus of new at 86@90c ₩ bus. Oats—43,000 bus sold at 59@62c ₩ bus.

BARK—30 hhds No. 1 quercitron sold at $32.50 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—40,000 lbs of Virginia and Tennessee Apples sold at 7@8c; 8000 lbs of North Carolina Apples at 11c; 6000 lbs of quarter Peaches at 8@8½c; 5000 lbs of half Peaches at 10c, and 4,500 lbs of pared at 19@20c ₩ lb. Dried Blackberries sell at 12½@13c ₩ lb. Cranberries sell at 12@14 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1.40@1.50; mixed do, $1.20@1.40; Straw, $1.20@1.25.

HOPS—Sales of new crop at 20@30c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Clover in demand; 1500 bus sold at $5@5.25, and 100 bus Timothy at $4. Flaxseed sells at $2.35 ₩ bus.

☞ Provisions same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

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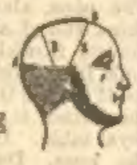

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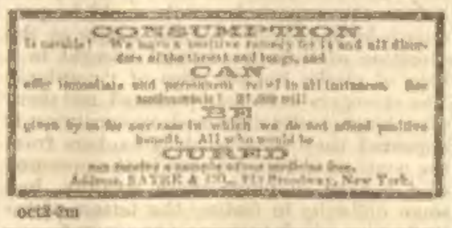

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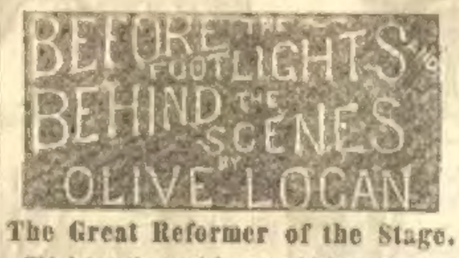

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Technicalities.

I once heard a pretty good thing in the Supreme Judicial Court at Portland. The case was one of severe assault upon the first officer of a Yankee barque, by one of the crew, which assault occurred on shore. Judge S—— was upon the bench. He was a very small man; very neat in dress, and very fastidious; resting firmly upon his judicial dignity; a first-class lawyer, and withal inclined to be self-sufficient and crusty. No attorney at the bar ever ventured to take liberties with Judge S——.

The principal witness in the present case was an old weather-beaten sailor, named Jack Miller. Now Jack was called to testify against his shipmate, as he had witnessed the assault, and had interfered to terminate it; but he was anxious to tell as little against his chum as possible, and, furthermore, to soften down and excuse what he did tell; and this led him to be a little rambling in his testimony. The judge had been making notes with a pencil, and as Jack was wandering off into an unnecessary explanation, he lifted his head, and, evidently forgetting for the moment the exact standing of the witness, with his mind partially upon his notes, he testily exclaimed—

"Come, witness—*ad rem, ad prodositum!* Don't wander so."

The witness stopped and looked up at the judge wonderingly. He repeated the abstruse words to himself as nearly as he could pronounce them, and then, with earnest simplicity, asked—

"Yer honor, what does them words mean?"

"Never mind," returned the judge, with a wave of the hand. "They are technical terms, used in law, not for men in your position to understand."

There was a titter in the court-room as poor Jack turned, rather crestfallen, back to the examining counsel. Pretty soon the witness sought to explain that his shipmate, when he made the assault, was not himself. Said he, half to the counsel, and half to the jury—

"Tom was pooty hard on for it. He'd splice the main-brace, an' doubled the tub, an' tapped the admiral more'n—"

The little smooth head of Judge S—— bobbed up at this point.

"Stop, witness; I don't comprehend. What do you mean by 'doubling the tub,' 'tapping the admiral,' and the other equally ambiguous expressions?"

Jack's eyes snapped just a single spark, and then his face was as calm and serene as the bark of an o'd gnarled oak.

"Why, your honor," he replied, with patronising respect and deference, "them's technical terms, used on shipboard, which it aren't expected 'at men in yer honor's position would understand."

While his honor was subsiding, a titter broke loose in the court-room, which would have swelled to a roar if the sheriff had not sternly bitten his lips and loudly commanded "order!"

"Brudder Dickson."

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of the large New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not di-h year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis—I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' ob de gospel de fuss year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mister Dickson. Dish razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, sir, goes tol'bul well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me ole nigger Dickson, and I left 'em!"

So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.

Anecdote of Macready.

Macready's handwriting was curiously illegible, and especially when writing orders of admission to the theatre. One day, at New Orleans, Mr. Brougham obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing it to the gentleman, the latter observed that, if he had not known what it purported to be, he would never have suspected what it was. "It looks more like a prescription than anything else," he added.

"So it does," said Mr. Brougham; "let us go and have it made up."

Turning into the nearest drug store, the paper was given to the clerk, who gave it a careless glance, and then proceeded to get a phial ready and to pull out divers boxes. With another look at the order, down came a tincture bottle, and the phial was half filled. Then there was a pause. The gentlemanly attendant was evidently puzzled. At last he broke down completely, and rang for his principal, an elderly and severe-looking individual, who presently emerged from the inner sanctum. The two whispered together an instant, when the old dispenser looked at the document, and with an expression of pity for the ignorance of his subordinate, boldly filled the phial with some apocryphal fluid, and duly corked and labelled it. Then handing it to the gentlemen who were waiting, he said, with a bland smile, "A cough mixture, and a very good one. Fifty cents, if you please."

KNOWING HOW.—Some soldiers were digging a well. When they came to the water, the commanding officer went to inspect the progress.

"Well, Kelly," said he, to the Irishman at the bottom of the well, "you have found the water at last."

"Ah, kurnel!" replied the other, "it all dipinds upon knowing how the thing ought to be done. Any other man but meself would have gone forty fut deeper without comin' to it."

☞ A Tale of Thrilling Interest—The rattlesnake's.

A HEALTHY VILLAGE.

VISITORS.—"Dear, dear! what is the old man crying about?"

OLD WOMAN.—"Oh, he's a very naughty boy—he's been a-throwin' stones at his grandfather!"

The Women of Germania and Gaul.

In their efforts to raise the standard of purity, the Christian teachers derived much assistance from the incursions and conquests of the barbarians who triumphed over the Roman Empire. . . . The Scandinavian mythology abounds in legends exhibiting the clear sentiment of the heathen tribes on the subject of purity, and the awful penalties threatened in the next world against seducers. The barbarian women were accustomed to practise medicine and to interpret dreams, and they also very frequently accompanied their husbands to battle, rallied their broken forces, and even themselves took part in the fight. Augustus had discovered that it was useless to keep barbarian chiefs as hostages, and that the one way of securing the fidelity of traitors was by taking their wives, for these at least were never sacrificed. The grandest instance of Roman female heroism scarcely surpassed some which were related of uncivilized Germans or of semi-civilized Gauls. When Marius had vanquished an army of the Teutons their wives besought the conqueror to permit them to become Vestal Virgins, in order that their honor, at least, might be secure in slavery. Their request was refused, and that night they all perished by their own hands. . . . Tacitus, in his famous work, portrays in the most flattering colors the purity of the Germans. "Mothers," he said, "invariably gave suck to their own children. Infanticide, which was so common amongst both Greeks and Romans, was forbidden. Widows were not allowed to marry. The men feared captivity much more for their wives than for themselves; they believed that a sacred and prophetic gift resided in women; they consulted them as oracles, and followed their counsels." The moral purity of the barbarians was of a kind altogether different from that which the ascetic movement inoculated. It was concentrated extensively upon marriage. It showed itself in a noble conjugal fidelity; but it was little fitted for a life of celibacy, and did not prevent excessive disorders among the priesthood. The practice of polygamy amongst the barbarian kings (to whom it was restricted) was for some centuries unchecked, or at least unsuppressed, by Christianity. The kings Caribert and Chilperic had both many wives at the same time. Clothaire married the sister of his first wife during the lifetime of the latter, who, on the intention of the king being announced, is reported to have said, "Let my lord do what seemeth good in his sight, only let thy servant live in thy favor." . . . Charlemagne himself had, at the same time, two wives, as well as concubines. After this period examples of this nature became rare. The popes and the bishops exercised a strict supervision over domestic morals, and strenuously, and in most cases successfully, opposed the attempts of kings and nobles to repudiate their wives.—*Lecky.*

The Alpine Horn.

The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. I have heard, when the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains take his horn and cry with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The echoes of the mountain and grottoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture any thing more solemn or sublime than such a scene.

During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voice of the shepherd sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

The Midnight Sun.

The following is a description of the scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and his party in the north of Norway, as they stood on a cliff one thousand feet above the sea:

"The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy look-out; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauty will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

Comfortable Dressing.

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a boy or man put into one as tight would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dress-makers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate a loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet any conscious want of theirs. It is a great pity, none the less. If they could once know what a luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes on by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the arteries and veins, to have the aids to digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a good while know this blessed luxury and then be sent back into the old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume and fret and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them. As it is, they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully and die young, and leave all their friends and their husbands and little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied.

If only the sinner was the sufferer it would not be so worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives which must follow renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.—*Laws of Life.*

Nathan Rothschild.

During the latter years of his life, the famous London banker, Nathan Rothschild, was said to be always in fear of assassination.

"You must be a very happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a guest at one of the splendid banquets for which his Picadilly house was famous.

"Happy! Me happy!" he exclaimed. "What, happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands saying, 'If you don't send me £500 I will blow your brains out.' Me happy!"

One day two strangers were admitted into his private room at the bank. They were tall foreigners, with moustaches and beards such as were not often seen in London thirty or forty years ago, and Rothschild, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets, and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of "murder!" The strangers were then pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared they were wealthy bankers from the continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy, had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

THE brain, in its superior region, is endowed with less sensibility, or, if we may be allowed the term, vitality, than any other of the vital organs. It may be cut or sliced away to a considerable extent, without producing pain, and apparently without any injury to animal life. The late Dr. Gordon collected together, and published in an article in the Edinburg Review, a number of cases in which cavities were found, on dissection, in the brains of individuals, who nevertheless had lived in the enjoyment of good health, and in possession of all their intellectual faculties. Sudden death is much more frequently produced by affections of the heart than by diseases of the brain: still, each of the vital organs must relinquish its relations, and cease to perform its functions, before the state of death is complete.

☞ "Grandpa, did you know that the United States has been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging tories?" "What kind of tories?" "Territories! Now give me some pea-nuts, or I'll catch the measels, and make you pay for them."

AGRICULTURAL.

Churn More Milk or Skim Deeper.

From observation, I believe too many butter makers do not skim as deep or churn as much milk as they ought. I hear them say often, that they don't like to get so much milk, or sour milk, in with the cream. It is a common practice for most butter makers to have a skimmer that is perforated with holes, that the milk may pass through into the pan from which the cream is being taken. If any one has a better reason for not skimming deeper, I shall be pleased to hear it, and herewith give my reason why I think we ought to skim deeper and churn more milk with the cream.

First, there are but few dairy houses so far removed from the odors of the kitchen, swill-pail or barrels, or some decaying vegetable matter, as to keep the cream from absorbing odors that injure the flavor of the butter and the cream must first receive, or have these odors pass through it, before they can reach the milk, as it is most exposed. The milk must, therefore, be the most pure, and, if churned with the cream, will aid in taking up the odors from the butter. By churning only the cream, the dash of the churn must, as we think injure the butter globules and make the butter salvy, as the friction is more directly applied to them than would be the case if milk was mixed with the cream.

There are times when the milk sours before near all the cream is up; yet the milk must be nearly, if not quite as good, from the same cow that is being fed the same feed, in a warm morning, as it is in a cool morning. But we often get twice the amount of cream in the cool days that we do in warm days; and the quality is better. Take, for instance, the 24th of August, a hot, sultry day, the cream hardly paid for the labor. Now take the 26th of the same month, 1869, a good, cool day, that gave a nice yield of cream. Is it to be supposed that there is that difference in the milk produced from the same cows on those days, when the cows were fed in the same pasture, that there was in the amount of butter made from their milk by skimming the cream only? I have thought that when the milk is brought in in a heated condition, and placed in a warm room, that perhaps many of the butter globules were exploded by the heat, and that they mingle with the milk like alcohol with water, but to churn all the milk would be to get more butter. I have been using Dr. A. F. Jennings' Patent Milk Pans this season, and find them an excellent thing for cooling milk and saving labor.

C. L. SMITH.

A Royal Dairy.

"Burleigh" furnishes the Boston Journal with the following account of Queen Victoria's dairy:—

"The building occupies a lodge at the gate of the palace. The interior is exquisitely fitted up. The walls and the floor are of the finest china. The royal arms and medallion likenesses of the entire royal family surround the room. Fountains play, and ingenious arrangements have been made for ventilation and to keep the temperature even, at all times of day and all seasons of the year. The presiding genius of this establishment is a Welsh woman, scrupulously neat, in the peculiar garb of her country, the conspicuous part of which was, a low-crowned, peculiar-shaped hat. The milk used on the royal table at the castle and in London is obtained from this dairy. The pans, about fifty in number, are of china and of a peculiar shape, made from models furnished by Prince Albert. The milk from twelve Alderney cows is kept by itself for the Queen's special use. From this the butter is made that is placed on the royal table. It follows the Queen wherever she goes. Daily the couriers start from Downing Street with their box of dispatches for Osborn, Balmoral, London, or wherever Her Majesty may be. Just as regular starts the messenger with the royal butter to find the Queen. At Osborn and Balmoral the Queen has her own dairy for milk, but the butter she must have from Frogmore. I saw rolls of golden butter ready to be sent off. It was very tempting to the eye and sweet to the tooth. The churn used at Frogmore is a metallic one, in shape like a barrel, and rotary. Pans, pails, and cans, all bore the royal monogram—'V. R.' The dairy is called the modern dairy. But no one without a royal revenue could afford such an arrangement. Conspicuous in the room in golden letters, is the announcement that the dairy was constructed by Prince Albert, 'in the 21st year of Her Majesty's reign.'"

WARTS ON HORSES.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, says he has never known his cure to fail, either on horse or cow—and he has cured some that have been large and bleeding. It is simply to bathe the wart two or three times a week with turpentine and sweet-oil mixed, until a cure is effected.

MOLES.—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith says:—"Plant the Castor Bean (*palma christi*) about the premises, and the moles will disappear. I took the hint from an old astrological work which once belonged to Cotton Mather, of witchcraft memory. It is an effectual remedy, and besides, the plant is highly ornamental."

RECEIPTS.

TO ROAST RABBITS.—Skewer their heads with their mouths upon their backs, stick their fore-legs into their ribs, skewer the hind-legs doubled. Crumble half a loaf of bread, add a little parsley, sweet marjoram and thyme, all shred fine, nutmeg, salt and pepper to your taste; mix into a light stuffing, with a quarter of a pound of butter, a little good cream, and two eggs, put it into the body, and sew them up; dredge and baste them well with lard; roast about an hour, and serve with parsley and butter for sauce; chop the livers, and lay them in lumps round the edge of the dish.

GRAVY SOUP.—The secret of making clear brown or gravy soup is, after bringing the stock to a quick boil, to take off carefully all the scum that rises (before putting in any flavorings), which if allowed to boil back into the stock gives it the muddy look which no jelly-bag can afterwards entirely remove.

GINGER CAKES.—Mix one pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar. Rub into it half a pound of butter, two eggs well beaten, and one ounce of ginger, ground fine. Beat all well together, roll out the dough to the third of an inch thick; cut out the cakes and bake them.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 1, 16, 19, 14, 37, is a river in Africa.
My 2, 6, 28, 23, 6, 10, is an island near Asia.
My 3, 12, 25, 30, 35, 15, 22, 4, is a town in Georgia.
My 7, 13, 22, 24, 26, is a river in Europe.
My 36, 6, 31, 19, 24, 32, 4, is the capital of one of the Western states.
My 33, 17, 29, 31, is a cape near Africa.
My 28, 23, 31, 22, 24, is a river in Asia.
My 18, 30, 12, 9, 19, 15, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 24, 11, 13, 25, 9, 32, 5, 34, is a chain of lakes in one of the Eastern states.
My 20, 34, 32, 35, 21, 28, 6, is one of the United States.
My 37, 5, 36, 17, 9, is an island in Oceanica.
My whole is among the last words of Push-ma-ta-ha, the Choctaw Chief.

Johnstown, Wis. NELLIE WATERS.

Charade.

The first is seen in winter time,
The second all the year we wear;
And with the whole, in northern clime,
They hunt the moose and polar bear.

R. W. LILIEW.

Problem.

A piece of oil territory is divided into 32 shares, and owned equally by eight persons, A, B, C, D, &c. A sells 3 of his shares to a ninth person, who thus becomes a member of the company; and B sells two of his shares to the company, who pay for them from the common stock. After this, what proportion of the whole stock does A own?

FELIX.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

One of a pack of 52 cards has been removed; from the remainder of the pack two cards are drawn and are found to be hearts. What is the probability that the missing card is a heart? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A person bought a horse and a cow, giving 2½ times as much for the horse as for the cow. The horse eat ¼ as much again as the cow. After keeping them till both eat enough to amount to what the cow cost he sold them, gaining twice as much per cent. on the horse as the cow cost him during the time he kept her, and as much per cent. on the cow as the horse cost him during the time he kept him. He neither gained nor lost by the transaction. What did he give for each? P. ARTNER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the sea a better housekeeper than the earth? Ans.—Because it is more tidy.

☞ When is a fowl's neck like a bell? Ans.—When it is rung for dinner.

☞ What is the difference between a soldier and a bombshell? Why, one goes to wars and the other goes to pieces.

☞ What public singer draws best? Ans. —The mosquito.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction: but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured. RIDDLE—Fire, Ire, Fir, If.

A LEG OF PORK.—One of eight pounds requires three hours. The skin must be scored across in narrow stripes, about a quarter of an inch apart. Rub it with sage, pepper, and salt well. Do not put it near the fire when first put down. When it begins to roast, brush it over with a feather dipped in sweet oil. This will render it a better color than any other method, and is the best way of preventing a blistering of the skin. For a sauce, put three onions finely chopped, and a spoonful of rubbed sage-leaves, into a saucepan with four spoonsful of water, cover tightly and simmer gently for ten minutes, then stir in half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of black pepper; add this to the dripping; skim the fat off, and strain the whole through a sieve; then mix in a tablespoonful of browned flour, simmer a few minutes, and send up in a sauce-boat with the pork. Stewed apples are always necessary with roast pork.

GREEN APPLE PIE.—Stew and strain the apples, grate the peel of a fresh lemon or rose-water and sugar, to your taste. Bake in a rich paste half an hour.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.—Two teacups of milk, four eggs; stir in flour until a stiff batter; a little salt. Let it boil nearly two hours.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of milk, one cup of butter, one of sugar, one of yeast, two eggs. Spice to your taste. Flour sufficient to roll out.

SHEEP-SKIN MATS.—Make strong soap-suds, using hot water, and let it stand till cold; then wash them in cold water till all the soap is out. Next dissolve half a pound each of salt and alum in a little hot water, and put into a tub of cold water sufficient to cover the skins, and let them soak twelve hours; then hang over a pole to drain. When well drained, stretch carefully on a board to dry. Stretch several times while drying. Before they get entirely dry, sprinkle on the flesh side one ounce each of pulverized alum and saltpetre, rubbing it in well; then lay the flesh sides together and hang in the shade for two or three days, turning them over every day till perfectly dry. Finish by scraping the flesh with a blunt knife to remove any remaining scraps of flesh, and then rub the flesh side with pumice or rotten stone and the hands.

Very beautiful mittens can be made of lamb skins tanned as above.—*Western Rural.*

BELOW the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we *say* we feel—below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we feel—there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed.

☞ "Don't put too much confidence in a lover's sighs and vows," said Mrs. Partington to her niece. "Let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and an eye like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."